Week ending May 29 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

Douglas Bader, rebel of the prison camps

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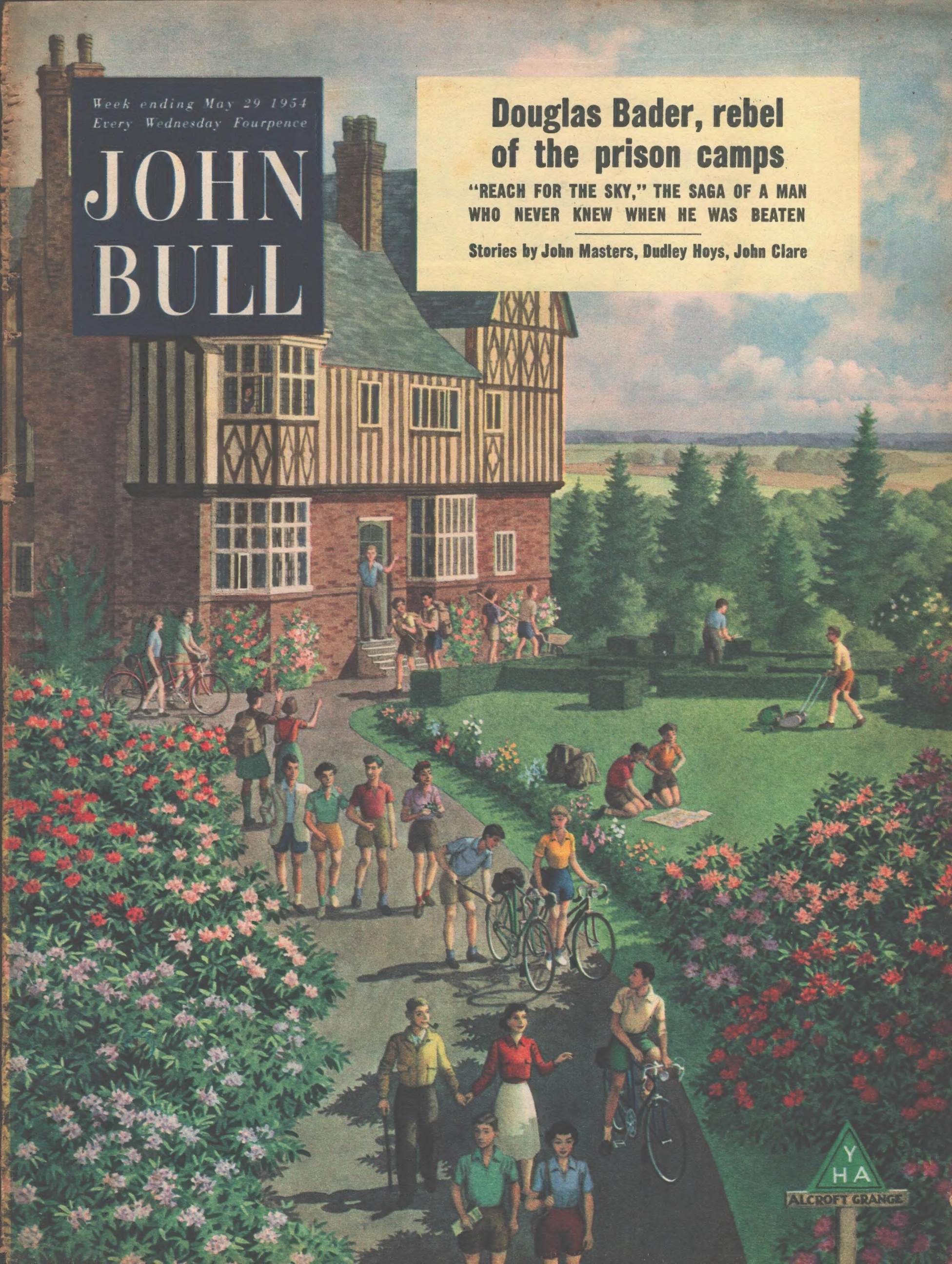
Stories by John Masters, Dudley Hoys, John Clare



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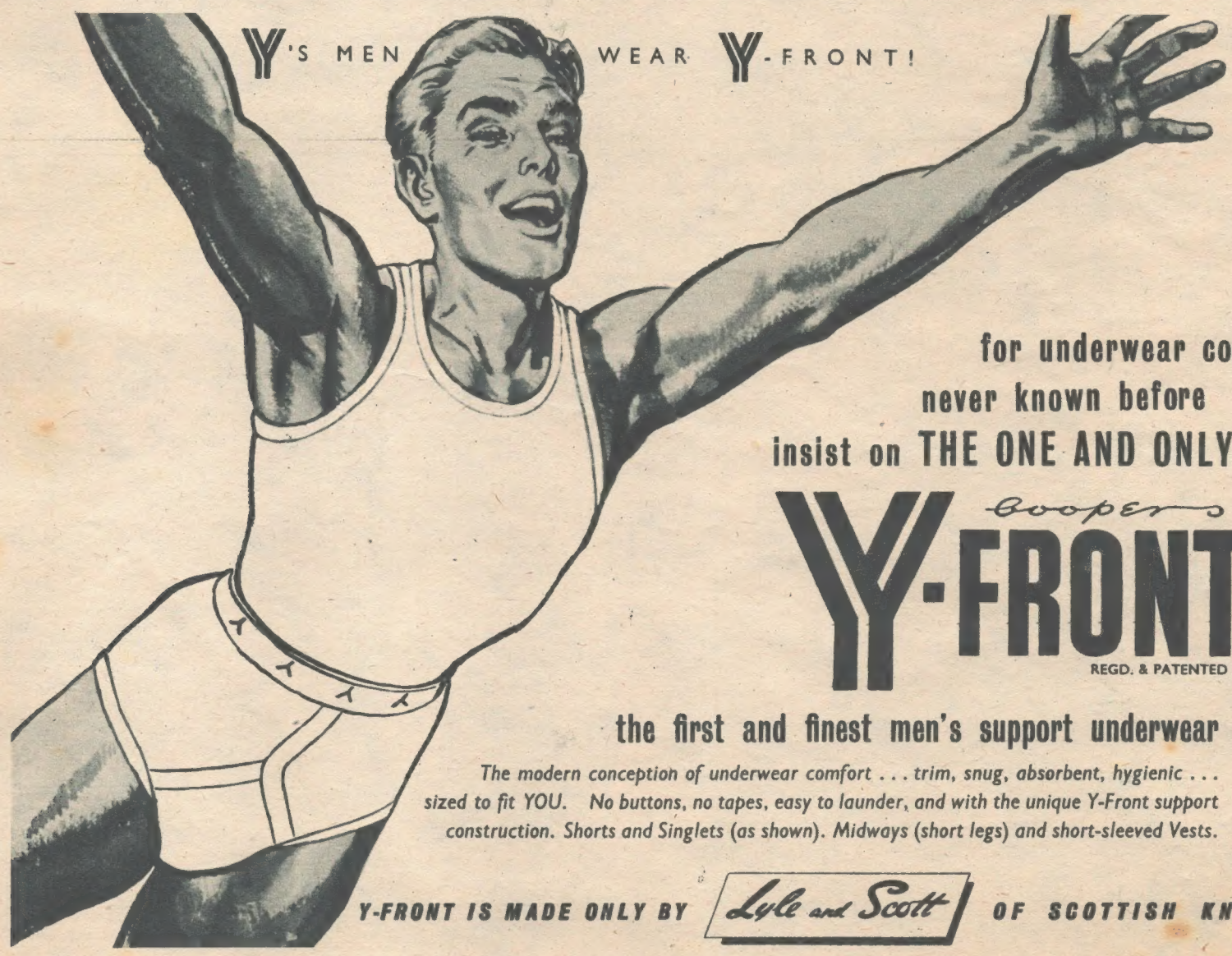

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EDITORIAL

Empty waste baskets

MANCHESTER'S Lord Mayor, Abraham Moss, is a man about to despair of human nature. Neat and tidy himself, he passionately wants his city to be clean. So he is trying to keep litter off the streets.

He put up more litter baskets and addressed appeals to Mancunians for more civic pride. There was no response. Then he announced that a by-law imposing fines of up to £5 for dropping litter would be enforced.

At the last moment he changed his mind and decided to give persuasion another chance.

HE organized a Litter Week, with posters featuring "Mr. Empty Waste Basket," who was sad, and "Mr. Full Waste Basket," who was happy. Banners spanned the main streets, Boy Scouts paraded with placards, cinema programmes were interrupted by appeals.

ABRAHAM MOSS
Persuasion—or fines?

"If we can keep our town beautiful," he said, "it will have a gladdening effect on the lives of everyone in it. A decent, clean city provides a standard to live up to."

A week later there were just as many scraps of paper, cigarette packets, matches and tickets on the pavements and in the gutters.

So he tried another Litter Week—with the same result.

Now, as a last attempt, he has asked shopkeepers to sweep the streets in front of their shops, and children to encourage their parents in tidiness.

BUT his heart is heavy. "It does seem that if we're not able to succeed with moral persuasion, we'll be forced to come to penalties," he says.

The people of Manchester are no worse than the rest of their countrymen. Although extra receptacles were provided at Easter in a test area in St. James's Park, London, four and three-quarter hundredweight of litter soon covered the ground around them.

THE Lord Mayor's problem goes much farther than the question of litter, important as this may be. "Can we persuade or must we enforce?" is the key question in such matters of life and death as road safety and food hygiene. It even has a direct bearing on such problems as the ultimate use of the hydrogen bomb.

If fines have to be resorted to first in Manchester and then in other cities, it will be an admission that adults, like little children, have to be punished before they will act intelligently in their own interest.

It is up to the people of Manchester—and everywhere else—to demonstrate that they can be sensible without being forced to it.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

ALCROFT GRANGE, just outside Canterbury, is known to young people from all over the world. It is one of more than three hundred Youth Hostel Association centres where nearly two hundred thousand walkers and cyclists find accommodation each year while they explore Britain. This week's cheerful scene is Ronald Lampitt's tribute to the co-operative spirit of the hostellers, varying from washing up to building, decorating and conversion.

One Last Observation

This is the last of three advertisements which we have published in John Bull, and now we're going to keep quiet for a bit.

We wish we could have told you more of the reasons why we think John Bull readers will find *The Observer* just the Sunday paper they want. Alert, entertaining, independent, with all the real news, plenty of sport, plenty of comment on the latest books, plays, art, films, ballet, and with regular corners for intelligent hobbies like gardening, crosswords and bridge—enough to keep you talking for a week.

Have you been tempted? Have we convinced you? Have you started taking *The Observer*? If you have, you'll find the habit hard to break. That's a good thing—it's a good habit.

THE OBSERVER
3½d.
London, Sunday, April 18, 1954
Morrison's Version of 'Red Letter'
French Pact with Vietnam Likely Before Geneva
'Independence Within the Union'
Deadlock Ended By Dulles
Guillaume Brings in the Berbers
Mainly Dry To-day
U.S. Air Force to Leave Korea
End County

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By Appointment Cyder Makers to
THE LATE KING GEORGE VI
THE LATE QUEEN MARY

FREE SPEECH

The chef said "non" to hot-pot

RECENTLY I spent a week in London on business, and took the opportunity of meeting some of my old friends who are now living in the south.

I thought it would be a good idea to book a table at a well-known restaurant and celebrate our reunion with a good dinner of Lancashire hot-pot. I conveyed my wishes to the manager, who was only too willing to reserve a table. But on consulting the head waiter and no doubt the chef, he informed me in rather a contemptuous manner that his restaurant served only the best French dishes.

I made many other inquiries at hotels and restaurants, and was surprised to discover that Lancashire hot-pot was the most maligned of dishes.

When it is cooked as my mother cooked it—with the mutton and kidneys previously browned, with cloves and peppercorns, oysters and onions—it is a dish fit for a king. I have tasted many worse meals cloaked under the disguise of a high-flown French name. — JOHN ROWBOTHAM, Blackburn, Lancs.

Fire Down Below

WHEN I cut down three poplar trees in my garden I poisoned their roots to prevent them spreading. I did this by drilling holes in the stumps and filling them with a solution of sodium chlorate, afterwards corking them up. Recently I was digging near the stumps when my spade struck a stone. I was surprised to see one of the stumps erupt like a volcano, sending up a shower of sparks and dense white plumes of smoke.—D. DANIELS, Weston Park Avenue, Shelton Lock, Derby.

Cat Burglar

MY husband and I have always been rather proud of our cat's strange taste for sultanas. The other day I was boasting about this to our neighbour. "That's nothing," she laughed. "My sister's cat begs for a piece of cucumber rind, whenever there's any around. As for my cat, he adores tomatoes—and steals them off the plants." — MRS. V. ROBERTS, Orpington, Kent.

Glands—Or Food?

IN 1947 I suffered a severe emotional shock, and like Tim Dunning (JOHN BULL, May 8) I suddenly began to put on weight. In five years it rose from nine stones seven pounds to more than fourteen stones. But I think that my case history proves that blaming glands in all cases of obesity is not a fallacy.

At first I was considered to be just another fat man. I dieted and was given drugs to kill my appetite. This had little effect except to exhaust me. Then, in 1950, I collapsed on a railway station and was taken to hospital. After keeping me under observation for several months a specialist diagnosed a gland disorder —Cushing's syndrome. I had several major operations, in one of which an adrenal gland was removed. But still I put on weight.

In July, 1952, my remaining adrenal gland was removed, and gradually I began to lose weight until today, at thirty-nine, I am down to eleven stones. I am abnormal only in that, without my adrenal glands, my life is maintained by the drug cortisone. Before this last operation I had an enormous appetite. Today I find that a light breakfast, a sandwich lunch and a cooked evening meal suffice.—C. J. BELAND, Jessel Drive, Loughton, Essex.

An eminent specialist comments that obesity is a characteristic of Cushing's syndrome, a disorder that may arise from a disease of the pituitary or adrenal glands. In either case the patient will lose weight if he is determined enough to remain on a diet. Some people with Cushing's disease are not fat at all.

Among The Baboons

SINCE the appearance of my article on South African baboons (JOHN BULL, March 6) I have been asked if any books have been published on their life and habits. Readers of my article will recall that I described certain incidents observed by the late Eugène Marais, a South African expert.

My source for these stories was Marais's fascinating book, *My Friends The Baboons* (Methuen, 6s.), which I recommend to anyone who wishes to read more about these animals.—ARTHUR T. HARRIS, M.D., Ventura Boulevard, Sherman Oaks, California.

Paying Safe

IN Belgium there is a scheme for ensuring that commercial vehicles may not be used unless they are roadworthy (JOHN BULL editorial, May 1). Owners are obliged by law to submit them for inspection every six months, for which they have to pay a fee of fifty francs (about seven shillings). Despite the cost, most owners agree that the scheme is a worthy one—D. A. CAMERON, Darley Hall, Worsborough Dale, Barnsley, Yorks.

Gallons Of Gas

FOR years, my farm was overrun by a large colony of rats living in a grass bank near one of my barns. I often argued with my wife that we should put down poison to finish them off, but she pointed out that it might be dangerous to our chickens and household pets. Then I had an idea. In my garage, I realized, stood a generator of one of the most poisonous gases known—my car. I ran a hosepipe from the car exhaust to one of the rat holes, blocked the other holes with rags, and started the engine. In a quarter of an hour, the carbon monoxide finished the rat colony off.—J. D. D., Middlesex.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD

by Captain Anthony Farrar-Hockley, D.S.O., M.C.

The first full eye-witness story of the Glorious Glosters, told by their adjutant. In vivid words he describes the battle of the Imjin River and the long months of captivity in Chinese hands

Beginning soon in JOHN BULL

My Hat!

I WAS cycling along a country lane one night recently when my trilby hat was suddenly snatched from my head. I glanced up and in the moonlight saw it being carried away by an owl. I wondered if the bird wanted to use my hat as a nest. — ARTHUR HOUGHTON, Bridge Street, Garstang, Preston, Lancs.

Attacks by owls on people are not uncommon at this time of the year, says the London Zoo. They usually occur in the vicinity of the owl's nest and particularly when the owl fears that its nest is in danger.

Lucky Dip

WHEN I was visiting Cork, southern Ireland, I went for a swim at an open-air pool just outside the city. I could see no turnstile or gates, and I walked in to ask an attendant where I should pay. He turned to me, surprised, and said: "Pay, miss? This is a public pool. We would never dream of paying to swim in a public pool." It was a delightful bath, split into three fifty-metre sections, with a separate pool for the divers. I was the only person swimming.—E. HILL, Croydon, Surrey.

Ebb And Flow

ON a holiday before the war I spent a weekend at Derwent Hall hostel in Derbyshire. A few weeks earlier it had been opened by the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales. During my stay in the village I attended a service at Derwent Church. Recently I paid a return visit to Derbyshire, hoping to recapture some of the happy memories of my holiday. I found that the village had been flooded to make a reservoir, but the church steeple could still be seen above the waterline. I was told that during a severe drought it is sometimes possible to walk through the ruined streets of the village, right up to the church.—A. TEMPLEMAN, Dorset.

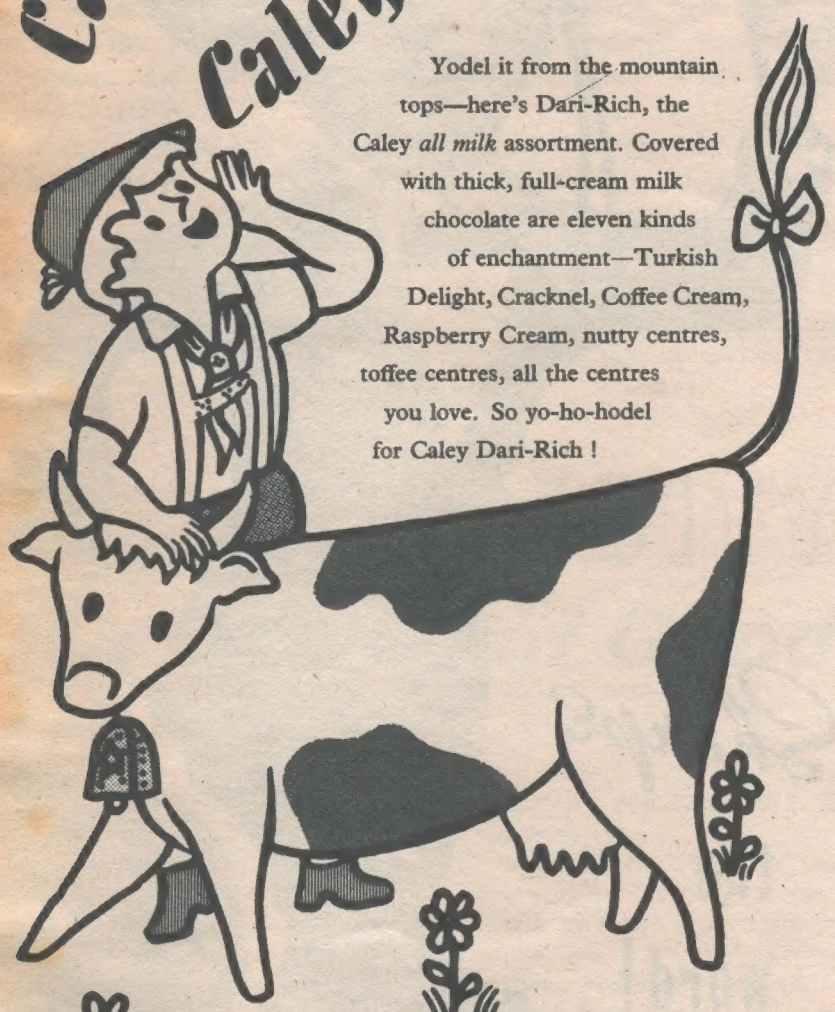
The photograph shows Derwent Church revealed during a drought in November, 1947.

Footnote

THE name Sillitoe on a plate outside our house often brings a smile from passers-by. Their smiles turn to laughter when they read beneath it my husband's occupation—chiropodist.—FLORENCE SILLITOE, Burnage Lane, Manchester, 19.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Caley au lait
Caley au lait-itee



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The Fairy Queen

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Fae, the Fairy Queen—(mind you, her family call her Joan)—is enchanted with her starry crown. It's one of the exciting new Hi-Hats on all the new Quaker Puffed Wheat packets.

And Joan just *loves* the crunchy crispness of Puffed Wheat and its roasted-nutty taste. Since clever Mother changed to Puffed Wheat, it's no wonder the Fairy Queen just *flies* down to breakfast!

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DIAMONDS IN THE SKY

by ***JOHN CLARE***

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

He'd refused a bribe, so she had come to persuade him. He knew just what to expect . . .

IT WAS COLD OUTSIDE, about fifty below; and three and a half miles straight down, the snow was falling thickly on the ragged furrows of the North Atlantic. But from the flight deck of Sunair's Flight 267 the high stars, bright as diamonds, looked friendly, almost festive.

The luminous dials of the instruments glowed in the gloom of the flight compartment, and from the passenger cabin drifted the fragrance of food and coffee and the sharper smell of cigarette smoke. This little world, hung in space, had the warm, secure atmosphere of a fireside.

And twenty-five hundred miles ahead, on the other side of the night, Montreal's Dorval Airport was waiting, clear and calm.

Hank Cooper, sitting in the left-hand seat, handed the pad carrying the latest weather information back to the radio operator. "Let's hope it stays that way," Hank said and yawned. He raised his hands high above his head and stretched hard. He felt loose and relaxed. All the tension he had brought to work with him was gone now. A simple, uncomplicated guy like me, he told himself, should never go below five thousand feet. All the trouble, all the real trouble, he had ever encountered had been on the ground.

"Willie," he called to his second officer, "you drive for a while. I'm going back to help tuck the customers in for the night."

This is my world, my life, he told himself as he walked towards the padded door that led to the passenger cabin. And for the past six years, ever since he had begun flying the line, it had been a good world and a good life. He was well paid for doing the only thing he wanted to do; he was young (thirty-one was almost young, wasn't it?) and he had no one but a flight dispatcher to tell him what to do. And up here all the bad weather was charted. He should never have gone to London on this last trip and he would certainly never do it again. But he should be thankful he had escaped with nothing more than a nagging, bitter-sweet memory.

The plane lurched slightly just as he entered the passenger cabin. Hank looked down at the young couple sitting in the first seat, smiled and

Continued on page 30

He gripped her shoulder, swung her round. "Don't get me mixed up in this, that's all, Nina"

Colonel Dyer's volunteers invade show business

by JOHN HARMAN

Once a year, the Royal Tournament makes impresarios sit up. Behind the scenes is an army officer with iron discipline and stop-watch timing—who signs orders with cartoons

A COLUMN OF smartly uniformed servicewomen marched into the Royal Tournament arena at Earls Court. While a band played "Long Live Elizabeth" they halted in front of the Queen in the Royal box. There was a roll of drums. Then the audience roared in surprise as the girls quickly broke ranks a few paces to form the cipher E II R.

The man to whom the applause meant most, although his impassive expression did not show it, was Colonel George Dyer, the Tournament vice-chairman. He had worked out the drill step by step—with a Pegity board.

"I used the pegs in the game to represent the hundred and forty-four girls," he says. "By changing them around I decided how to get the pattern with the smallest number of moves." Twenty-six pages of typed foolscap were needed to explain the progressions of the manoeuvre. Similar instructions, including dots on squared paper to illustrate the position of each man, had to be worked out for the finale, in which three hundred soldiers, sailors and airmen assembled in the shape of a crown.

With punctilious planning, Dyer, a tall, retired officer in his sixties who has a firm, quiet manner, puts Britain's armed services on show. For three weeks every year he stages a fast-moving display, with action, thrills and spectacle which are the envy of many professional impresarios. His cast are 1,800 volunteers picked from camps and naval bases, and his props are military equipment: jeeps, Bailey bridges and mechanized landing-craft. This year, an impressive item will be a demonstration of R.A.F. ejector seats, culminating in a jet fighter pilot descending into the arena by parachute.

The task of the organizer is continuous. Preparations for this year's Tournament, due to be held from June 2 to June 19, began when last year's Tournament ended. As chairman of a committee representing the three services, Dyer asked units for ideas and mapped the programme in outline.

For contrast, he alternated pageantry, such as the musical ride of the Household Cavalry, with displays of strength like the field gun competition, in which sailors race across thirty-foot "chasms" by aerial ropeway. But although he has arranged for the order of events to be changed daily, so that everyone can take a turn at finishing first, the final item will remain the massed band of the Royal Marines.

"A band in full dress uniform, marching and counter-marching, is guaranteed to send the audience home feeling happy. It is the perfect good night."

By last February, the horse teams, gymnasts, gunners and others taking part had started rehearsals. Colonel Dyer went to inspect them, make criticisms and, above all, ensure that they kept to their scheduled times. He insists that the two and a half hour show must start and finish with stop-watch precision.

Usually he can enforce strict adherence to his timetable. One officer who had overrun his time was heard to say after an interview with him: "The colonel's mild appearance is apt to be deceptive." But the animals in the Tournament are sometimes harder to control. Midway through a jumping competition, a horse went mad and charged at the arena officer, nearly killing him. On another occasion Dyer was powerless when proceedings were delayed by a bull terrier. The dog, which was being presented to a Territorial battalion as a mascot, was reluctant to enter the arena and, when the speeches were over, it refused to leave.

"The tension in the situation of straining leash and growling mascot was considerable," the colonel recalls. "Eventually the Dog Major-elect snatched up the terrier and carried it out amid cheers from the audience."

Watched by his wife (left) and a friend, Colonel Dyer perfects a manoeuvre for this year's Royal Tournament. He uses the pegs of a popular game to represent men and women in the show

Daring Displays—And Mishaps

Dyer, his sixteen assistants and the troops taking part in the Tournament live at Earls Court for the duration of the show. The exhibition halls are turned into a highly disciplined garrison complete with stables for more than a hundred horses, equipment stores, messes, orderly rooms and a hospital. Many of the displays involve daring, and in spite of additional rehearsals every morning throughout the three-week run, accidents happen.

A few years ago a Royal Corps of Signals motor cyclist escaped serious injury when he jumped over some bales of straw at forty miles an hour, struck a brick as he landed, and managed to leap clear from his machine just before it collided with a barrier. A commando who was near a magnesium bomb which exploded unexpectedly was less fortunate, however, and got badly burned. But the spectators were unaware of the mishap. A medical orderly sent to give first-aid evacuated the man from the arena along with mock casualties.

The arena surface, which consists of a thousand tons of earth spread and rolled to a depth

At Portsmouth, women's units rehearse for the Tournament. For variety, Colonel Dyer mixes pageantry with gymnastics and displays of strength

of nine inches and topped by tan—crumbled tree bark—is a constant problem. The colonel inspects it carefully before each performance. If it is too dry, mounted turns can raise a dust cloud. If it is too wet, the tan is liable to be treacherous, especially in the musical drive of the Royal Horse Artillery.

During this item, half a dozen six-horse teams hauling heavy gun carriages gallop in intricate formations and cross each others' paths with only inches to spare. Once, when King George VI opened the Tournament, the tan was slippery and a carriage toppled over at a sharp corner. Immediately the King ordered Dyer to abandon the drive. "On such occasions," says the colonel, "I am glad that the next turn is always marshalled behind the arena doors, ready to enter at short notice."

Colonel Dyer watches all the thirty-two performances. He likes to walk round the auditorium, asking spectators for their reactions. At other times he sits in the Royal box, or in his own enclosure nearby, and acts as host to Royalty, service chiefs and visiting celebrities. One of his most appreciative guests was the Queen of Tonga. His most bewildered were two Russian generals. "They were absolutely dumbfounded. I never knew whether in admiration, or in amazement at the mad English."

Although the Tournament can depend on a yearly profit of £50,000, its finances leave little margin for new ventures. "We are self-supporting and get no financial help from the government," says Major Charles King, the secretary. "About £4,000 goes into our emergency reserves, and the rest of the takings are handed over to service charities."

Raising funds for charity was the declared aim of the first Tournament, held at Islington seventy-four years ago—though its organizers were more concerned with enticing soldiers away from public houses. Nearly £700,000 has since been earned for hospitals, homes and orphanages.

Colonel George Nowers Dyer, who is married, with one daughter, and lives near Guildford, became interested in the Tournament as a Sandhurst cadet, when he entered for foil and sabre contests. The son of a wealthy South African business man, he had come to Britain several years before and was about to begin an unusual career in which he combined army life with looking after his father's business interests in London. For four years he was connected with the Tournament as Inspector of Physical Training. He took control as vice-chairman in 1947.

Move Meant Bigger Audiences

His first important change of policy was to transfer the Tournament from Olympia to Earls Court. "I feared that the friendly atmosphere created at Olympia might be lost in the vastness of the new quarters," he says. "But the chance of increasing the audience by four thousand and offsetting rising overheads helped to decide us."

One change which the colonel regrets is the absence of the Mock Tournament. Unseen by the paying public, it used to be held on the closing Saturday morning, mainly as an excuse for keeping everyone in the building for pay parade, but also as an outlet for pent-up excitement. The turns burlesqued each other. Sailors rode horses, soldiers did the women's P.T. drill, and waitresses took part in a tug-of-war.

"Unfortunately, instead of staying a rough and ready get-together, the Mock Tournament became too ambitious and the spontaneity was lost. It was dropped after 1951."

Dyer is known to close acquaintances as a humorist. "He prefers to issue minor orders in the form of quick pen sketches instead of writing them," says one of his staff. "He signs them with small cartoons of himself."

Men under his command find him a stickler for discipline, but a champion of their privileges. When service authorities objected to the tournament allowance, which is £1 a day for officers and 4s. for other ranks, the colonel maintained that his cast had every right to the extra money. "It is small compensation for extremely hard work," he said.

The ease with which hazardous feats are performed has surprised him. While a sheer sixty-foot cliff of concrete was being built in the arena for a commando display, he took the officer in charge of the commando team to see the work in progress. "The officer was in civilian clothes and wore a blue suit and a bowler hat," Dyer says. "He glanced at the cliff, hooked his umbrella over his arm and climbed to the top. Then he came down, still wearing his hat and holding the umbrella, and remarked: 'Too easy.'"

"Civilian" Annoyed War Office

The subsequent display, in which eighty-five commandos swarmed up the cliff in a mock raid on an enemy coast, caused Dyer his deepest embarrassment. During the first public performance, the team surprised him by introducing an unrehearsed item. One commando, dressed as a civilian and carrying a brief-case, was included in the withdrawal.

"By coincidence, Mr. John Strachey, then War Minister, was taking part in jungle patrols in Malaya at the time, and the War Office angrily accused me of having fun at his expense. But the commandos did not want to cut out the incident, which had got a loud laugh from the audience.

"I preserved everyone's dignity by an announcement over the loudspeaker that the man was a kidnapped enemy agent." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The woman at Ellerwray

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

They said it was no job for a woman—so she had to be more than a woman. She could not afford to fail

Jack stared at her beseechingly, but her anger

JACK TODD GAVE A GRUNT of annoyance. The ewe was lying in a mulch of mud and sphagnum moss on the shallow curve that fringed the tarn. He plodded towards it. With every step on the sodden ground, the water oozed up around his clogs. A mild south-west wind came sighing across the fells and ruffled his fair-greying hair. It was soft weather for January, with plenty of grazing. But it had its drawbacks. All this warm rain gave extra depth to the marshy spots, where a sheep might get stuck and drowned.

As he drew nearer, he saw that the ewe was one of his own. Crows had been at it and pecked out the eyes, and round about were fluffy sprinklings of fleece. That meant the buzzards had been here, too.

There was no sense in trying to bury the poor creature. The birds of prey and the foxes would clean it up in a few days, and the bones would sink into the mud. He turned away, and surveyed the tarn itself with thoughtful eyes. Roughly circular, it covered about ten acres. At the southern end it narrowed into a kind of tail, some hundred yards long and scarcely fifty feet wide. From the end of the tail emerged a drainage beck that ran almost level for a short distance, and then dipped down tortuously for eight hundred feet through the tilt of the fell-breast and into the dale.

Todd nodded to himself. Level of tarn was too high. It seeped into the spongy basin around it and made the place dangerous for sheep. Reckon the trouble was that drainage gutter, fairly choked up with stuff.

He walked along the bank of the gutter, staring at the bunches of seeves, those tough, tubular reeds with tenacious roots, and the sprigs of bog-myrtle sticking out of the water and gummed up with moss. Clear that lot, and it would lower the tarn a good four feet.

BACK at Skalderbank Farm, where his elderly Aunt Hannah kept house for him, he told her about the drowned sheep and the cause of it. She said: "Ay, but Whinscales Tarn is no part of your fell-grazing stint."

"I know that. But my sheep have to pass it. I don't mind doing the job."

There was a twinkle behind her spectacles. "It wouldn't be because of your neighbour at Ellerwray, likely?"

He grinned. "Maybe it would. It'll be doing a good turn to their sheep——"

"And to Mary Hilton. I'd not envy any widow trying to run that farm, let alone a girl who doesn't belong."

He said quickly: "She's a grand sort."

"Now, now!" Hannah laughed. "I've spoken nowt against her. She's got looks and courage. I'm wishing you luck, Jack—if she'll have you."

His kindly blue eyes held a shadow of doubt. "Ay. There's an 'if.'"

"She's proud. I'm not meaning she'd think you not good enough. But there's summat about her, a sort o' independence, that could make her refuse a man even though she cared for him."

He sighed, and nodded, and went on with his tea. Eleven years ago he had been shocked to the marrow to find himself falling in love at first sight with the bride of his friend and neighbour, Tom Hilton. She had bronze hair and violet eyes and her presence seemed to make him hear rippling music and feel the sparkle of spring. For eight of those eleven years, until Tom died, he had clamped down on himself with a ruthless loyalty. After that, and a decent interval, he had dared to hope. . . .

"Going there tonight?" said his aunt.

"Ay, to tell her about the tarn."

MARY HILTON sat in her kitchen that evening and faced near-ruin. The small account book on the table before her told its story clearly enough. Her hands, shapely and tended despite the rough work, flicked over the ominous pages. The fact was, Ellerwray belonged to the class of small farm that never could make much of a living. She had known it from the beginning, and would have sold it when her husband died, but for two challenges. One was the kindly but infuriating attitude of the dalesfolk. She had told herself with an angry pride: "I'll show them that I won't be beaten."

The other was Tim, her small boy, and the light of her life. He worshipped the farm and everything to do with it. To leave the place, and take some post in a town, and condemn him to pavements and traffic—no, for that she would never forgive herself.

One stroke of luck had solved a big problem. It was impossible to manage the farm without a hired man. Her husband's nephew Andrew, aged twenty, had left his job as shepherd in a neighbouring dale. He had come to Ellerwray and worked pretty well, though his wages were a heavy drain on profits. But now he was leaving to get married and rent a farm of his own. A new man would want more.

Her fine eyes clouded. She whispered to the empty kitchen: "God knows how I'm going to cope."

From upstairs came the voice of Andrew, singing lustily. He was changing to go out and see his girl. The old clock on the wall chimed eight, and it reminded her that Tim would still be reading in bed, and it was time for a boy of ten to be asleep. She went up the dark staircase and opened his door. Under the light of a candle his small face was concentrated with excitement on a book about space-ships.

At the sight of him, her tautness changed to a soft radiance. She said: "No more reading, darling."

His eyes, violet like hers, blinked in sleepy protest. "Just let me finish this page."

She shook her head, and took the book away from him, and silenced another protest with a kiss. His ruefulness melted into a smile. The drowsy, trustful youngness of him gave her heart a great squeeze. She closed his lids with her fingertips, and said: "Off we go," and blew out the candle.

Andrew clattered downstairs and went out to the stockyard for his push-bike. She returned to the stone-flagged kitchen to tackle this ceaseless problem of how to grapple with the future. There was one dangerous way. She might tide things over for a while by eking out income with capital. She could raise the capital by selling some sheep. It had been an open, kindly winter, and the flock on the fells was in good fettle. If the mild weather remained it should produce a fine lambing season, with few losses. But it was still early enough in the year for one of those biting spells to swoop down and seal off the fell-grazing under ice and snow frozen to the hardness of concrete. If that happened——

There was a tap at the kitchen door. She said: "Come in," and it opened to reveal Jack Todd

was past checking. "I'd be more than glad if you'd leave me to run my own affairs," she snapped

standing there, smiling, slightly apologetic. To her, he was a decent, kind man, physically attractive, who at times gave her a strange desire to mother him. To him, she was loveliness too sacred for his earthy touch.

He said: "Am I in the way?"

"Of course not. It's nice of you to call. Do sit down. I've just been studying my accounts. They might be better." She gave an easy laugh. "But then they might be worse."

SEEING the small account book on the table, he felt a sharp pang of sympathy. "I called to have a word about Whinscales Tarn," he said.

"Yes?"

She was so close to him, so elegantly feminine, he ached to say: "Mary, I love you. Let me take away all your worries and look after you." She read it in his eyes, and some of his meaning touched her deeply, and some of it stirred her pride. "Yes?" she said again.

Any other dale farmer would have put a friendly but blunt case. Whinscales Tarn needed lowering. Those soft spots were drowning his sheep. Whinscales was on her ground. What was she going to do about it? But Todd aimed to spare her every trouble that could be spared, was casting around to do all he could for her, and unhappily that led him into a bad blunder.

He said: "Mild weather's a boon. But we've had a lot of rain. 'Twould be absurd to expect a lady like you to understand all the tricks of the fells."

That was a pity, because his well-intended opening put her on her mettle. It hinted that she was still a groping amateur. She said: "What do you mean?"

"Well, Mary, tarn's chock full, and yon drainage gutter at tail end is bunged up, and not letting off enough water. So there's soft spots around the tarn where you might lose sheep."

Hating to be told, she said: "I've not been up lately. I'll tell Andrew to have a look. I know what you mean. But whatever the level of the tarn, the ground nearby is bound to be sodden." She put that forward to remind him that she knew something about such matters.

He said: "Oo, ay. But with yon gutter choked, there's a lot of wet ground. I know you're hard-pressed for help, an'——"

"Who says so?"

Clear, unwavering, slightly hostile under the urge of pride, those violet eyes were looking into his. He glanced down uncomfortably, trying to find the right words, and blundered further.

"What I mean is, this time o' year, I've time to spare, and I could clear it out for you."

She said briskly: "If necessary, we can clean it out ourselves. But thank you for the offer."

There was an awkward silence. No more mention was made of the tarn and for a while they chatted about dale affairs. Presently he started off home, and hurt bewilderment went with him.

And then, a cheering thought occurred to him. He could still clean out that gutter, without saying a word to her. And though she might not admit it, she'd be glad to have it done.

He went up the next afternoon, a muck-drag and a sharpened spade over his shoulder. Normally he would have started digging where the gutter emerged from the tail end of the tarn, and worked downwards. But it struck him that a surging flush of water would clear a deal of the small, loose stuff away after he had deepened the channel. So he began on the lower end.

Four afternoons it took him to clean the channel, leaving a clean flow at the bottom of it and odd boulders projecting from the exposed sides. There remained the natural dam at the upper end, a wedge of peat, sphagnum moss, bog-myrtle stems and reeds. A few jabs with the spade, a few heaves with the drag, and a swirling cascade leapt through. It was satisfying to stand on the bank and watch the high spate frothing through the channel.

Because of its noise, he failed to hear the footsteps behind him until they were close. He turned to see Mary coming towards him, wearing thick shoes and a tweed coat and no hat. The skin over her cheek-bones had a tautness, and she was breathing quickly.

She said: "So Tim was right! He was up the fells yesterday, and he said it looked from a distance as if somebody had been digging at this gutter." Her voice had a hard, dry edge.

He said: "But, Mary, there's no need to take it amiss."

"No need to? Didn't I tell you that if it had to be done, we'd do it?"

"Ay, but——"

"Your fell rights don't extend here. You know that. If Tom had been alive, you wouldn't have dared to interfere!"

He said mildly: "But that's different."

HER eyes blazed. "Yes, it's different! That's obvious. He was a fell-farmer who knew his job, and I'm his poor, feckless widow who doesn't."

"Nay, Mary, I——"

"Why contradict? You know it's the truth! At least, you think it is." She was almost trembling with controlled anger. "Your opinion of my abilities must be less than this blob of mud!" Her heel squeezed down on it.

He stared at her beseechingly. "'Tis just the opposite. I think so highly of you——"

"Indeed? I'm not interested. I expect you mean well. But I'd better tell you something. You're old enough to mind your own business."

At that he turned white. "I'm sorry. I did the job for myself as well as you. I lost a couple o' sheep yonder."

She said bitterly: "Then why didn't you explain in the first place? Oh, no! you couldn't give any bother to the helpless little thing. That wouldn't do. She must be shielded and guided and helped." Her hands clenched. "I'd be more than glad if you'd leave me to run my own affairs."

With that, she swung round and walked off.

That was on the Friday. That night the south-west wind dropped, and the stilly air had a bite, and in the clean, dark velvet of the sky the stars shone with unusual brilliance. The next morning was sunny and very cold and quiet, until an irregular throbbing beat out from the east. The sun vanished behind a steely haze. The throbbing grew into the continuous moaning of a strong wind, and the air thickened with the swirl of granulated snow. By Sunday morning it was a white world.

In the next three weeks no more snow fell, but the wind and the cold were savage, turning the ground iron-hard. Mary thought of the sheep up there, and was afraid to wonder what the upshot might be. Somehow, her courage lessened

Continued on page 24

With a lively, almost juvenile sense of fun, Lom enjoys a ride with his five-year-old son, Nicholas. Lom's house has a playroom for the children of three families

Between acts of *The King and I*, Lom relaxes in his dressing-wife. To play the King, Lom had to shave his head. "I didn't

Villainy earns Herbert Lom £150 a day

by ELKAN ALLAN

Assassin, spy, thief—he lends sinister distinction to the rôles. Now, the stage gives him the chance to play the hero—and his sincerity has made a princess cry

FOR TWO WEEKS this spring, Herbert Lom was chased round a particularly squelchy synthetic bog at Shepperton Studios by six-foot-three actor Jacques Bergerac. He was picked up and thrown into it, had his head held under water, unhinged his shoulder in one fight sequence and a finger in another, and was generally punched and punished. No stand-ins were allowed by David Miller, the director of the film, *Lifeline*.

For the final shot mud was caked on Lom's head and face, more smudges painted in, a bucket of water poured on him, then more mud. Lom sat patiently shivering while this was done to him. But when Miller, still not satisfied, ordered yet another bucket, he spoke up at last.

"Stop it!" he cried. "The rest is acting."

Chastened, Miller called off the torture. "I had got carried away," he admits. "I should have remembered that with Herbert Lom, acting is more important than effects."

It is his skill and devotion to his job that has made Herbert Charles Angelo Kuchacevich ze Schluderpacheru, as he was born in Prague thirty-six years ago, the busiest feature actor in British films.

In six years he has played in twenty-three films, nearly always as the villain of the piece. He has been a murderer four times, a blackmailer twice, an assassin, a Gestapo officer, an S.S. man, a Nazi spy, an international trickster, a forger, a racehorse ringer, an unscrupulous lawyer, a racketeer, a jewel thief, a smuggler, a crooked art-dealer, a gun-runner, a wicked police chief, a gang boss and a sinister butler.

For his villainy, he is paid £150 a day and, in spite of the recurrent film crisis, is always in demand—although not often for first-rate films. "The worse the film, the keener makers are to get him," says a producer. "He gives a touch of distinction and a reason for the public to go."

But Lom has long been irked by the sameness of his rôles. "I would like to be a hero sometimes," he says. He made a couple of abortive attempts at this: in *The Trap*, a 1952 play which lasted only fourteen performances, and an unsuccessful film, *Hell Is Sold Out*.

Then, just a year ago, he was telephoned by Jerome Whyte, European representative of the American Theatre Guild. There was going to be a new musical at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, called *The King And I*: would Lom consider playing the king?

First, Lom had to be convinced that the call

room with Muriel Smith, who plays his leading mind," he says. "I would have cut off my ears"

was genuine. Then, suppressing his excitement, he asked what the snags were. He soon found out: he had to shave his hair off and he had to sing.

"I didn't mind about my hair—I'd have cut off my ears for this part," he says, for it was a sympathetic rôle; Rex Harrison had played it on the screen, and it would open a whole new field for him. "But the singing was another matter. The last time I had sung in public was at school during the national anthem, and I was told to keep quiet because my deep voice drowned the other boys'."

Every day for three weeks he practised with an Italian singing master. Then he stood alone on the bare stage of the empty Theatre Royal. To an audience of Jerome Whyte, a pianist and the cleaners, he sang a song from the show. "Very nice," Whyte said, "but I'd like the authors, Rodgers and Hammerstein, to hear you. Would you mind flying the Atlantic to sing for them?"

Lom flew across, sang for one minute, and got the part. Last October, head shaven, his already slightly Oriental features exaggerated for the part of the King of Siam, and with built-in steps inside his shoes to add to his height of 5 ft. 8½ in., he faced dubious first-nighters. He was a success. "King Lom Plays The Ace," was one headline. A stage paper pronounced him "the theatrical discovery of the year."

When Princess Margaret visited the theatre for the second time she asked Lom and his co-star, Valerie Hobson, to the Royal Box during the interval. "I couldn't ask you after the show because Mr. Lom's death-scene makes my mascara run," she told them.

Lom puts a great deal into the rôle, losing himself in it. One scene ends with his running off the stage. He is so wrapped up in the part that sometimes he has to be caught and stopped. When the play first opened, the job of catcher was given to the stage manager, but Lom knocked him over. Now, two of the stage staff wait for him at every performance. Once, he knocked them both over and all three landed on the floor.

Such concentration is typical of him. Before starting a rôle he studies the character minutely, sometimes going to the length of writing a ten-thousand-word essay about the man he is to play. He tries to meet people who are like his part. About to play a Pole in the film *Rough Shoot*, he heard of a Polish masseur, whom he visited every day for three weeks, pretending to be in need of massage. "I got the whole conception of the rôle from him and he doesn't know it yet."

Lessons From Hypnotist

Mai Zetterling, who has acted with him in three films, says: "He certainly tries hard. Sometimes he overdoes it. When he played a villain pretending to be my father in *Portrait From Life* he wanted to appear old and nasty. He got himself a beard *and* a scar *and* a limp *and* a hunchback. He was more than old and nasty. He was decrepit and disgusting."

For the psychiatrist in *The Seventh Veil* he spent long sessions with three doctors. He also took lessons from a hypnotist. When he recited the words "Go to sleep . . . go to sleep . . . relax . . . let your mind go . . ." Ann Todd, consciously acting, was unaffected. But when the director called "O.K." at the first rehearsal, the studio clapper-boy was found slumped against a lamp, fast asleep. "That's the sort of story a publicity man might invent," says Sydney Box, the producer, "but that time it really happened."

Ironically, it was his 1945 success in a sympathetic part in *The Seventh Veil* which freed Lom to take on the long list of villains. Until this he was in the Czech section of the B.B.C., broadcasting to the country he had left in 1939 when he was put on the black list because of the anti-Nazi plays he had been appearing in.

Mother Heard His Voice

Throughout the war his parents listened secretly to the B.B.C. in the hopes of hearing their son. But it was four years before his mother heard his voice. "I had almost given up hope of ever hearing him," says Mrs. Lom, whom he brought to Britain after the war. "But one night, during a play, I suddenly recognized his voice. Then, in the most moving moment of my life, he spoke another line in the play. It was 'Goodnight, Mother. Goodnight.'"

On his arrival in England, at the age of twenty-two, he applied for an acting scholarship with the Embassy Theatre School. "He chose a passage from Shakespeare—but he spoke it in Czech," says one of the examiners. "Though we could not understand what he was saying, it was quite obvious that here was a brilliant youngster. We gave him a scholarship immediately."

He soon found that his hopes of playing romantic parts were to be frustrated. "To the English, a foreign accent is either sinister or comic," he says, in a voice still not completely free from a Central European intonation. His large, brown eyes under drooping lids, the sharp curve at the end of his small nose and the darkness of his skin quickly typed him as sinister.

In real life, however, he has a lively, even juvenile, sense of humour. When Lom's wife was interviewing maids he borrowed his mother-in-law's clothes, blacked-up as a Negress and presented himself as a candidate. "I was completely taken in," says twenty-nine year old Dina Lom. "Although he says he did it to cure my shyness in interviewing staff, I think that he just enjoyed pulling my leg."

The Loms live in a large house in Wimbledon, which they converted into three flats with a communal playroom for all the children in the house, including their own five-year-old son, Nicholas. "It's paradise for the children, but hell for the grown-ups," says Lom.

The main source of family friction is punctuality. Like many husbands, Lom fumes while his wife gets ready to go out. Recently he gave her an ultimatum: "Be ready in five minutes or I'll go alone. The show begins at 8.30."

She was not ready, so he got into his grey Armstrong Sapphire and roared off to town on his own. Three-quarters of an hour later, Dina arrived in a taxi, to find him pacing up and down the foyer. The show began at nine o'clock, and he had arrived forty minutes too soon.

For the moment, Lom is refusing all offers of film parts. *The King And I* has settled down to a run which is certain to last until Christmas, when his present contract expires, and he found making *Lifeline* between performances too tiring. "I couldn't give another film all I've got."

It is this devotion to his acting that has helped to achieve his solid position in the film world. Members of the location unit which went to Tunisia for *The Golden Salamander* recall with admiration his one-track attitude to film-making.

One of the scenes shot there was another chase, this time with Lom doing the chasing. To get the most from the time they were there, filming was done throughout the day, starting with the dawn at 4.30 a.m. and finishing at 6.30 p.m. Make-up call was for 1.30 a.m. and, from then on, Lom and Trevor Howard were occupied in scrambling over desert rocks and sand. By the end of the two weeks which the chase scene took to film, Lom had sprained both his ankles.

When asked if they did not hurt terribly, he replied, quite seriously: "Oh, yes, and that is very good, for now in the film I am supposed to be limping."

THE END

After a scene with his co-star, Valerie Hobson, Lom has to run from the stage. He is so lost in the part that two men halt him in the wings

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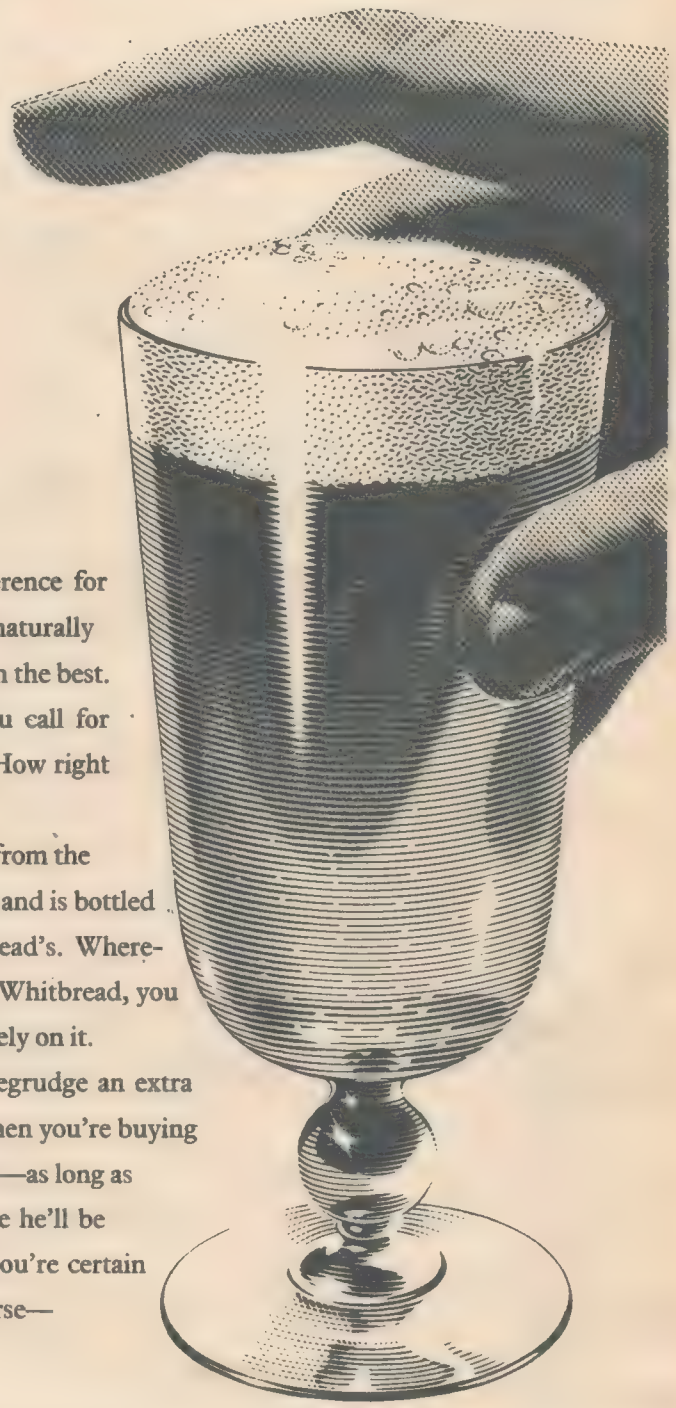

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REACH FOR THE SKY (10) by Paul Brickhill....“For you the war is over,” said the Germans. To Douglas Bader that was a challenge

Bader goads his captors to a frenzy

FROM HIS HIDEOUT under a pile of straw, Douglas Bader heard the rasp of the German soldiers' boots on the stone floor of the shed. There was a mysterious metallic clang, and then movement in the straw above his head. Turning sideways, he saw a bayonet flash down past his face and, as the blade struck the stone floor, he knew what the metallic noise had been. The next stroke, he guessed, would go into his neck or back.

It was a lightning decision. Bader jerked up on his hands, heaving out of the pile like a monster rising from the sea, straw cascading off his back. A young German soldier, bayonet poised for the next jab, leaped back in shock and stared pop-eyed at him. He started yelling hoarsely in German. Boots pounded and three German soldiers clattered into the shed. They stood round him in a semi-circle, bayonet tips poised about four feet from him. Slowly he raised his hands.

Bader's escape bid—made only a few days after his capture on August 9, 1941, after an air battle over France—had lasted less than a day. Yet, for a legless man, it was an astonishing effort. Unaided, he had climbed from a third-floor window of a prison hospital and escaped down a rope of bedsheets. Stumping on his artificial legs into the night, he had successfully made a rendezvous with a French helper, and hid during the day in the home of an old couple, the Hièques. Before nightfall the Germans had found him—though how they discovered his hideout so quickly was still a puzzle.

Like A Lunatic At Bay

A little Stabsfeldwebel (staff sergeant) with a dark, thin moustache ran up and covered him with a pistol as he stood there feeling like King Lear, or perhaps an escaped lunatic at bay, with straw in his hair and all over his battledress. Looking pleased and quite friendly, the Stabsfeldwebel said in perfect English: “Ah, Wing Commander, so we have caught you again.”

“Yes,” said Bader. “Would you mind asking these soldiers to put their rifles down? As you can see, I'm unarmed.”

The Stabsfeldwebel rattled off some German, and the soldiers lowered the rifles. Still with his hands up, Bader said: “You speak English very well.”

“Thank you, Wing Commander,” replied the German. “I lived in London—at Streatham actually—for eleven years.”

“Did you really?” Bader said. “I used to live near Croydon myself.” (It struck him that the conversation was unreal.)

“Ah, I know Croydon well,” the German answered. “Did you ever go to the Davis Cinema?”

“Yes. And I used to go to the Locarno at Streatham.”

“Did you?” said the German. “Many Saturday evenings I have danced there.”

Bader never forgot a word of that dialogue.

The German courteously invited him to follow, and he stumped out of the shed into the back door of the house again, feeling no rancour for the soldiers who had winkled him out, and as far as he could see they felt no rancour for him.

He saw the Hièques standing in the room. The old man and woman looked pale and he

The spirit that nearly four years of captivity failed to break. Douglas Bader gives a joyful thumbs-up sign after his release from the “bad boys” prison camp at Colditz in April, 1945

Harry Day awaits a move to the notorious Stalag Luft III. Shortly before, he had escaped in a tunnel breakout—only to be recaptured

David Lubbock, a Fleet Air Arm pilot, was Bader's companion in prison camp, and escape bids. Lubbock, seen with his two sons, is the son-in-law of food expert

stiffly walked past, showing no sign of recognition. At the front door he said to the Stabsfeldwebel: "Those people did not know I was in their garden. I came in last night through that gate in the wall."

Quite pleasantly the German replied: "Yes, I understand that."

By the kerb stood the Germans' car, and as they led him to it the rear door opened and a blonde girl with glasses got out. Rather surprised, he recognised Hélène, one of the prison hospital staff. He said: "Hallo, Hélène," but she walked past him with her eyes down.

They drove him to headquarters in St. Omer, where a German officer questioned him and got no answers. Then into a room where he was surprised and delighted to see a box containing his spare right leg. They explained, smiling, that it had been dropped by the R.A.F. that afternoon, and they took his photograph standing by it. Then, to his annoyance, they refused to give it to him and prodded him instead into an upstairs room.

Hélène Had Betrayed Him

There, for the first time, they really infuriated him. As he sat on a bed, an officer and a soldier stood over him with a pistol and a bayonet, and made him take his trousers down and unstrap his legs: then they took the legs away. He snarled at them, but the officer said stiffly it was orders from above. Two armed guards stayed and the rest went out, leaving him on the bed helpless, humiliated and seething.

He lay awake all night as the guards coughed and muttered ceaselessly. It was then that he realized that Hélène had betrayed him; that the Germans must know about the Hièçques, and he grew sick with worrying about what the Germans would do to them and to Lucille, the French girl who had put him in touch with the old couple. Somehow he could not feel much resentment about Hélène. He supposed that they had threatened her.

Next morning two guards carried Bader downstairs to an ambulance on a cradle of their hands, his arms unlovingly round their shoulders. Another carried his legs wrapped in a blanket. He gathered as the ambulance jolted along that they were going to Brussels for a train to Germany. It was the most depressing journey he had ever known, bouncing over the rutted roads and jostled against the wordless Germans, while low cloud and pouring rain swept Northern France.

At last Brussels. An officer strutted in front, the two guards carried him, and a third brought up the rear with the legs. People turned and stared as they bore him across a square into the railway station. Past embarrassment and humiliation now, he was seething with fury.

Thank God, the carriage seats were soft. Sourly he watched the officer put his legs on the rack. The train jolted off and clicketty-clicked through the rain. Once or twice the officer spoke to him, but in an evil mood he declined to answer. They passed Liége and then, without ceremony, were in Germany. He knew the first gesture he wanted to make. Hoping to get his legs back, he said he wanted to go the lavatory. No legs! A guard carried him dangling helpless and angry round his neck, then held the doorway open and covered him with a pistol.

Bader snarled at him: "You stupid clot, how the hell d'you think I can get out of here?"

Guessing his meaning, the guard said woodenly: *"Befehl ist Befehl!"* ("Orders are orders.")

That did it! It capped the humiliation, the stupidity, the bombing and killing, the whole misery of the war, and from that moment he loathed the Germans implacably.

They came to Frankfurt at midnight and carried Bader to a car, which drove for half an hour through a crisp, clear night to Dulag Luft, the reception and interrogation centre for all air force prisoners. There two guards dumped him on a wooden bunk in a little cell, stripped his battledress off and locked him in darkness.

Smooth Talk—Blunt Answers

Next morning, a tall, slim, good-looking man of about forty-five came in and tried unsuccessfully to question him. He said smoothly: "Oh, good morning, Wing Commander. I am the Kommandant. My name is Rumpel." He spread his hands sympathetically. "For you the war is over, but we'll try to make you as comfortable as we can. I was a fighter pilot myself in the last war and we Germans want to try to keep alive the last war traditions of comradeship among pilots."

Bader answered shortly: "I don't know what you mean. We're enemies and that can't be overlooked."

"Well, we'll try anyhow," Rumpel said. "We're amused at your call sign. It's Dogsbody, isn't it?"

"If you know, why the hell ask me?"

Rumpel probed urbanely on, asking questions about aircraft. "Of course, we know you're having a lot of trouble with the Rolls-Royce Vulture engine, aren't you?"

"If you know," Bader repeated, "why the hell ask me?"

"We didn't want to fight this war," Rumpel went on earnestly, "but the Poles were determined to have Berlin, so we had to deal with them."

"Eighty million Germans frightened of thirty

teamed up with him on several enterprising Lord Boyd-Orr, and is now a farmer in Scotland

million Poles," Bader growled acidly. "Why did you attack Belgium and Holland then?"

"What do these small countries matter?" Rumpel was bland. Bader, amazed, felt he was quite sincere. "Why did you attack Russia then?" he demanded.

Rumpel spread his hands again. "We had to have the oil." He went on persuasively: "What makes us so sorry . . . it seems such a shame . . . but we Germans and British never seem to fight on the same side. . . . Of course we know you call us Jerries, but. . . ."

"No, we don't," Bader snapped. "We call you Huns!"

The charm fled from Rumpel and he shot up, face cold and rigid, and stalked out.

Usually one did a week or so "solitary" in a cell being softened up for questioning by mildly unnerving means before going to the adjacent barbed-wire transit cage to await "purging" to a permanent prison camp. Rumpel must have decided Bader was an improbable prospect, because an hour after breakfast they returned his legs, took him out of the cell and thrust him into the cage. The cage was not inspiring: three drab wooden barrack huts on a patch of trodden earth eighty yards square, fenced by double thickets of barbed wire eight feet high and buttressed at each corner by stilt-legged sentry boxes with searchlights and machine guns. The sight of the gates closing him in that dismal patch was mellowed by the welcome from a few score grounded exiles of his own kind who clustered warmly round, making him feel, if not at home, at least among "chums." From the Red Cross store they gave him a toothbrush, razor and some aircraftman's clothes. Then quite a good meal—the cage had plenty of Red Cross parcels.

A big, wavy-haired Fleet Air Arm lieutenant called David Lubbock took him to his room, a wooden box with a dusty floor and double-decker bunks round the walls, each with two grey blankets and a paper palliasse stuffed with wood shavings. There he found Pete Gardner, a dark young fighter pilot with eighteen victories, and other kindred spirits, and they gossiped, swapping stories for some time.

Bader felt much better, and with a sudden thought asked if they knew of his old friend Harry Day, who was a prisoner somewhere. Day, who had flown with Bader in the Hendon air display in 1931, the year Bader had lost his legs, was reported missing in the early days of the war after making a semi-suicidal reconnaissance flight over Germany.

"We certainly do," said Gardner. "Day was here a few days ago, till he escaped through a tunnel with seventeen others." Apparently they had all been caught and sent to a permanent camp somewhere else.

At the mention of escape, Bader was practically on fire, leaning forward with his eyes intense and glowing, wanting to know all about it. Quite a short tunnel, Lubbock said, because the huts were near the wire. They burrowed from under a bed, and the night they went everyone else kicked up a racket to cover the noise.

"If they could do it," Bader demanded, "why can't we?" Lubbock had apparently been thinking the same thing. Pete Gardner, shot down a couple of months ago, four days before his planned wedding, was almost hopping to get home. So were the others in the room.

Tunnelled Under The Bed

A day or so later they started carving a hole in the floor under a bunk in an end room of the middle hut, and soon they were burrowing into the earth under the hut. With his legs, Bader was no good for the digging: he acted as stooge, watching for Germans outside the window while the others gouged out the dirt and lugged it up in a basin to hide under the hut floor. His ideas, once he had got out, were sketchy, typical of a new escaper. As usual, he refused to regard his legs as an inevitable barrier. The thing was to get out first and then, he thought vaguely, make for Switzerland . . . pinch a car, stow away in a barge or jump a train or something. The goal was infinitely alluring: his mere getting back, a legless man, would mock the Germans in the eyes of the world.

Day by day, foot by foot, the tunnel lengthened. After a fortnight, when they thought they were nearly under the wire, a dapper little German officer named Eberhardt came into the cage and sought Bader. "Herr Wing Commander," he said, "you must be ready to leave tomorrow morning. You are being taken to Brussels to appear before a court-martial."

Bader stared at him, astounded: "What the hell am I being court-martialled for?"

"I do not know," Eberhardt shrugged, "but you must go."

Escape Address In Brussels

Outraged equally by the court-martial and the thought of missing the tunnel, he told the others, but rapidly cooled off when one of them, an Irishman named Paddy Byrne, gave him a bit of paper with a name and a Brussels address on it. "Wonderful chance to crack off," said Byrne. "If you can duck the guards and get to these people, they'll hide you and pass you on to the escape chain."

Gratified, Bader looked forward eagerly to Brussels. This time they let him keep his legs in the train, but a blond young Sonderfuehrer and two helmeted soldiers never left his side. In Brussels, towards dark, they put him in a car and drove him through the streets—he hoped towards a ground-floor room in a lonely house. The car turned through a dirty stone arch and soon they were standing in a cold stone hall. Through a heavy barred grille, passages led gloomily away. A jail! He said angrily: "This is a civilian jail. I'm not going to stay in here."

"Oh, but you must, Wing Commander," said the Sonderfuehrer.

"But I damn well won't." He was outraged again.

"Oh, please, please. You *must*, Wing Commander, because it would be very embarrassing to me." The Sonderfuehrer looked perturbed.

"I won't. I'm an officer prisoner of war and you can't put me in a criminal prison." Feeling he was beginning to learn how to handle the Germans, he shouted: "I demand to see the general in charge of this district."

On the defensive, the Sonderfuehrer said uncertainly: "I do not think he is at home." It sounded so fatuous that Bader nearly gave the game away by laughing. "Well, go and get the clot," he said.

The Unwilling Prisoner

Despairingly, the Sonderfuehrer turned and talked to the stolid army Feldwebel who seemed to be the jail reception clerk. He turned back to Bader. "The Feldwebel says that perhaps if we could take you along and show you your room you might be willing to stay."

There was not much option really. Having had his fun and won some pride back, he grunted: "All right. I'll come and have a look."

Stumping at a leisurely pace, he went with them through the barred gate and along the passage, passing cell doors with little peep-holes in them. At one they stopped and pulled the door open. He looked into a tiny cell so narrow you could touch both walls by putting your arms out. A narrow bed nearly filled one side, and high up was a little barred window.

He snorted: "I'm damned if I'm going in there!"

"Oh, but *please*, Wing Commander," begged the Sonderfuehrer. "You will find it quite comfortable and we will look after you."

"No!"

"But you *must*. I will be shot if you escape." He was genuinely distressed and frightened.

Left His Cell Door Open

Bader eyed him amiably. "Will you really?"

"We will give you a servant here." Now he was perspiring.

"What else?"

"We will leave the door open." (That didn't mean much—the iron door at the end of the corridor would still be firmly locked.)

"I want a table, too. With a cloth. And some tea."

"Yes, Wing Commander. Now will you please go in?"

"No. Bring me the servant and the table first."

The Feldwebel went off and after a while came back with a little man in a white coat who carried a small table. Good show—a Belgian, Bader thought. He stalked into the cell and the servant followed with the table. They left the door open and retreated down the corridor.

Alone at last, he moved quickly and shoved the table under the high window, then grabbed a stool, planted it on the table and climbed up. Hands clutching the bars, he tried to pull himself up the extra few inches to see out; he got his eyes up to the bars but the thick wall stuck out beyond the bars and he could not quite see the ground that he was sure was just below. Using all the strength in his thick hands and wrists, he began shaking the bars violently, trying to loosen them.

A respectful cough sounded behind, and he swung round and saw the servant standing looking impassively up. *"Vous êtes Belge?"* Bader asked eagerly.

"Nein," said the little man, unwinking. *"Ich bin Deutsch."*

Deflated and with a foolish grin, Bader started climbing down. Impassively the German servant helped him, removed the stool, put a tray of tea on the table, nodded a deferential head and

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CHARTER TO DANGER

by ELIOT REED

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

went out. After that he found the bed as hard as a plank (which it was), and the night long and sleepless, giving time for discontent.

Stung by humiliations and the frustration of captivity, Bader was now an unappeasable *enfant terrible*. Until he escaped, that was pride's only defence. Already with Rumpel and the timid Sonderfuehrer he had recaptured some pride in scenes that were barely believable, but authentic. One might suppose that the Germans had made allowances and that had he possessed his own legs their tolerance would have frozen. Yet even with his legs, Bader would probably have behaved in much the same way. And one doubts whether the Germans themselves would have reacted more firmly because his pulverizing dynamism turned on full flood will daunt any civilized man. The Germans who bowed to rank and force were vulnerable targets—to a point. But Bader could always sense when the goad pricked too deep. Then, tactics somersaulting, he soothed the wound with disarming charm that baffled vengeance.

Up Before The Generals

About ten in the morning, the Sonderfuehrer and guards drove him to a large house and led him into a big room. This was it! At one end was a long table and sitting behind it six solemn officers. Three of them looked like generals (they were). He noticed the doctor and some soldiers and nurses from the St. Omer hospital, sitting on chairs at the other end. He grinned at them, but they only eyed him sourly. A young Luftwaffe officer motioned him to a lonely chair in front of the table, saying: "Will you please sit down?"

"No, I won't," he answered, conscious that if the officer had told him to stand up he would promptly have sat down. The judges leaned towards each other and muttered among themselves. A bald, hatchet-faced general in the middle spoke to the Luftwaffe officer, who acted as interpreter, and the officer turned to Bader: "Will you swear to tell the truth?"

"No," he answered. "Certainly not."

The officer looked as though he had not heard properly. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

"I said certainly not. Go on. Tell the court."

The officer turned nervously and spoke to the judges, and the bald general's eyebrows shot up. The officer turned back. "The Herr General wishes to know why you will not tell the truth."

Bader said: "Well, if you're going to ask me questions about the French I will obviously lie."

Another muttered conference. The interpreter seemed to have trouble translating the replies politely. He turned again to Bader. "The Herr General says that the French have already been punished."

God, he thought. What have they done to them?

"What the Herr General wishes to know is whether you think the hospital staff were careless when you escaped."

It suddenly dawned on Bader that it was not he who was being court-martialled. He said: "Look, who *is* being court-martialled here?"

The interpreter looked surprised. "Why, the hospital staff, of course."

After that it was easy. He turned on the charm and explained that it was not reasonable to punish the hospital chaps because, of course, they couldn't guess he was going to climb out of the window. They had been very correct, posted a guard at his door and taken all proper precautions in the circumstances. Of course, it was easy to be wise after the event. He felt he could almost hear the roars of applause from behind. When he had finished and the Sonderfuehrer took him out, the hospital staff beamed at him.

Thereafter, the guards never left his side and there was no chance of bolting.

He was taken back to Dulag Luft, but within a few days was on the move again, this time bound for Lübeck in Northern Germany. Arriving there through an endless drizzle, he was off-loaded from the train into a farm wagon. They then trundled him across bleak sandy flats to the lonely, barbed-wire compound of Oflag VIB, where they took his fingerprints, watch and signet ring and turned him loose among some four hundred thin and half-starved British officers behind the wire.

There the real misery started. Lübeck camp received no Red Cross parcels and was ruled by a gaunt, cropped Kommandant who had already achieved fame by saying that the Geneva Convention for the protection of prisoners of war had been drawn up by a lot of old women and he had no intention of observing it.

One of the guards had shot a prisoner in the thigh for picking up a ball over the warning wire that marked the ten yards of no-man's-land in front of the main wire fence, and a Feldwebel had rushed up to the guard and shaken his hand. It was that kind of camp.

Journey By Cattle Truck

Two days after Bader arrived there, Lubbock and Pete Gardner walked dolorously in. "What the hell happened to the tunnel?" Bader demanded. They looked disgusted and said that just after he had left, a posse of guards had trooped into the cage. With patronizing smiles they had gone straight to the trapdoor under the bed and wrecked everything. They even knew who the tunnellers were—hence their arrival.

Early in October, the Germans bundled the whole camp into cattle trucks for transport to a new cage at Warburg, near Kassel, where they were concentrating all British officer prisoners. People were as excited as schoolboys going on holiday. It lifted the tedium and gave hope for better conditions. Also, there were ways of bolting from locked cattle trucks; that is, ways for the nimble, not for the legless.

During the night some of the air force officers sawed a hole in the floor of a truck with a jagged knife, and during a brief halt several dropped out of it and ran into the darkness. Bader envied them until one man misjudged as the train started and it ran over him, cutting off both legs. He died soon after.

Warburg was a huge cage a quarter of a mile square, holding three thousand men in thirty ramshackle wooden huts in the same dirt and squalor as in the Lübeck camp. But Warburg had Red Cross parcels, enough to give each man a good meal a day as well as the German food, plus chocolate and cigarettes. Words can hardly convey the effect of having real food every day: it killed something that gnawed at the mind as well as the stomach.

A Letter From His Wife

But confinement was a growing ordeal. Others could let off steam by tunnelling for escape, by playing games, or by horse-play or walking mile after mile round the beaten circuit just inside the warning wire. Not Bader. His stumps had not taken kindly to captivity, having shrunk a little with hunger. They chafed more easily and there was little powder and no Elastoplast with which to tape them. There was no outlet for his brimming vigour. A lot of the time he spent on his bunk with a book in the tiny end room which he shared with Lubbock and Gardner, who helped him with his chores.

At last a letter came from his wife, Thelma (mail was very delayed). She did not say much about the wing, of course, except that he was still badly missed, but she had had a letter from Woodhall which said: "I am delighted to be able to tell you that Douglas has been awarded a Bar to his D.F.C." (That made him the third man in history to win Bars to both D.S.O. and D.F.C.)

Warburg had an escape committee headed by a tank major and Bader talked with them for hours on the subject of getting out, finding, a little

Continued on page 35

Birkhe ran the jeep alongside, and Savage and Taylor hurled themselves at the end wagon. As they dragged themselves up, bullets spattered past

BHOWANI JUNCTION

by JOHN MASTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The terrorist was on the runaway wagon. And he had a hostage: Victoria

THAT NIGHT, the whole city of Bhowani was being combed for K. P. Roy, a terrorist who specialized in train-wrecking. I didn't know it, but at 21.20 hours he had entered the bungalow of Victoria Jones, the girl I was in love with.

I am Rodney Savage, and at that time—June, 1946—I commanded the First Battalion of the Thirteenth Gurkha Rifles. We were on security duties around Bhowani. Victoria, who had been working for me, was an Anglo-Indian, of mixed British and Indian descent. She was beautiful, and she had brains: she saw the Anglo-Indians' dilemma clearly. They clung to the British, who were moving out—and despised the Indians, who were moving in.

Patrick Taylor, who wanted to marry Victoria, was fairly typical: bossy, excitable, with an inferiority complex as big as his solar topi. He had plenty of guts, but—well, I was jealous, I suppose, and often used my rank to make him look a fool. Poor devil, he seemed to invite disaster. He was now making frantic efforts to save his old school from dissolution—St. Thomas's, Gondwara, the last outpost of Anglo-Indian education.

Victoria broke with him—and planned to marry an Indian, a Sikh named Ranjit Kasel. Of course, the Anglo-Indians cut her dead. I knew it wouldn't work, but I couldn't tell her so. Everything I said seemed to hurt her. It was an ordeal she had to go through alone.

The fact is, we were in love with each other—and neither of us admitted it until after the Ranjit episode. Would we marry? I tried to imagine her at home in England. . . .

But for the moment there was little time to think of that. Around Bhowani, strikes had been followed by riots and derailments. A cordon had been thrown about the city to prevent Roy's escape. That was why he had gone to Victoria's home. She was well known to the railway staff, she could stop a goods train for him. . . .

Covered by his revolver, she was forced to obey. Then, as the train began to move, he shoved her into a coal truck, and climbed in after her.

FINAL INSTALMENT

"We're After K. P. Roy"

WHEN Victoria left my bungalow, I tried for a time to think dispassionately about us. The effort failed, (*a*) because I am not dispassionate, and (*b*) because I thought Sammy Govindaswami was making a mistake in not using my battalion more in this attempt to catch Roy. I worked out a plan whereby we could help, warned Chris Glass, my adjutant, and after some argy-bargy got Sammy to agree. Soon my jeeps and six-by-sixes were moving out to cordon the roads and railways

and form flying patrols in a few of the more likely jungle areas.

Taylor was back from Bombay, and I went myself to his house. It was a chummery he shared with another bachelor. It was what I had expected—dark furniture, antimacassars and gim-crackery, a mixture between Victorian respectability and the special ramshackleness that only a bachelor in India can achieve. Taylor stood up slowly when I went in, his face settling obstinately. He was like a bull waiting for more goading.

I said: "Taylor, we're out after K. P. Roy. Would you like to come with me?"

After a while he said: "I'm not lucky, Colonel. If I go with you, you won't catch him." I was surprised. I had expected abuse, refusal, perhaps even a fight. Something had beaten him down a few sizes. But for purely selfish reasons, I didn't want him to be so perpetually up against it. So I said: "But I *am* lucky. Here." I held out my hand. "I'm in love with her, damn it."

He took my hand slowly, and I thought he was going to cry. In some ways he had a hide like a rhinoceros, in others he was worse than the princess with the pea. He pressed my hand and said: "I know you are. I have just realized it. I hope you will be very happy." I've never seen a fellow look more miserable. He said: "I haven't told you—I threatened Mr. Wallingford with a revolver when he refused to stop the sale of St. Thomas's. I was mad. I lost my temper. It was only Mr. Stevenage who persuaded Mr. Wallingford not to send me to jail."

I waited. There would be more.

He said: "On the way back I threw the revolver into the Nerbudda so that I wouldn't be able to do anything silly with it again. Now I have a telegram from the deputy chief traffic superintendent asking me to explain why I was absent without leave."

I counted in my mind: a charge of intimidation, and probably assault as well; a court martial for losing an army revolver and six rounds of ammunition; dismissal from the railway; sale of St. Thomas's. What a man! The miracle was that he was still here, subdued but basically unchanged.

I said: "Forget it. We'll see what we can do later. Meantime, bring a rifle and come along."

He didn't talk any more but got a rifle and came with me. In ten minutes he was quite cheerful again. He had extraordinary resilience. I drove straight back to my battalion headquarters and found Chris Glass, the officer who'd replaced Macaulay, in a state about a report that had just come in from Ranjit, via Govindaswami, on the telephone. Ranjit said he had reason to believe that Roy was trying to escape from Bhowani on a train. That had been about twenty minutes ago.

The phone rang. It was Govindaswami. He said: "Kartar Singh has just come in to tell me that the night goods to Allahabad stopped on the branch line for a minute, and he saw a woman in white talking to the driver—fifteen minutes ago."

I am alive to wear my M.C.s because in certain matters my brain goes off like a bomb. I said to Taylor: "Who's the driver of that goods? Quick!" He thought and said: "Dunphy, probably." I dropped the telephone and ran for the door. Taylor just managed to get in over the side as I got the jeep moving. Birkhe dived head first into the back seat.

I don't know what a jeep's maximum speed is, but we did it, all the way.

The goods train had been searched when we reached the cordon, and was just starting off again. I blared on the horn and flicked my lights on and off and yelled, "Stop!" Dunphy saw me and stopped his train.

Lilparsad came running, and I told him to get his two vehicles out in the fields, one on each side of the train, with their headlights on. Their lights went on and the Gurks spread out. I got a couple of Bren guns down beside the vehicles where the gunners could see along the lights. The guard of the train left his brake van and started to walk forward to see what was happening.

That was Roy's chance, and he saw it much quicker than I did. I went slowly on with the line of Gurkhas, keeping level with the men, who were now breaking into every locked wagon and examining every open wagon inside and out, top and bottom. We were well past the middle of the train when Lilparsad, on the other side of it, shouted.

I looked round quickly. "Patrick, the back of the train's rolling. Stop it!" I yelled. Then I realized the guard was nearly up with us, and nobody could stop it.

Thank God my jeep was up beside me with Birkhe at the wheel. The runaway wagons were perhaps fifty or a hundred yards away and gathering speed downhill and disappearing beyond the reach of my headlights.

Someone fired a shot, and I saw the guard roll over. He'd been nearest to the runaway part and must have run back. I saw Roy and Victoria scrambling towards the brake van.

By then Taylor and I and Birkhe and two others were bounding over the field in the jeep. Birkhe ran the jeep alongside the runaway, which wasn't going more than ten or fifteen miles an hour, and we hurled ourselves at the end wagon. Roy began to fire at us from the brake van up front. One man got hit in the arm and fell off. But Taylor and I made it with the other man, Bishansing.

There was coal in this wagon—and a sandal of Victoria's. They must have moved to another wagon.

The wagon immediately ahead of us in the runaway section was a high closed one. We couldn't see a damned thing unless we got on top of it.

Taylor was wild with excitement. He charged across the gap and went up like a gorilla. Immediately, a bullet whanged against it on the other end. Taylor dropped on his stomach as we followed him up. We crawled to the forward edge. From there we could see. Ahead of us, in order, were a wagon full of sacks, one full of wood, one that looked empty, and the brake van.

Roy leaned out of the brake van's right window and fired twice at us. I fired quickly with the carbine but missed. We were doing over twenty then, and the lights of Devra Station were close in front.

I GATHERED myself to jump down into the well of the wagon in front. Just as I jumped I saw Victoria's head and shoulders appear in the moonlight, and an arm with a revolver right beside her ear. Taylor had bunched to jump with me, but he saw Victoria, too, and instead of jumping forward his reflexes sent him leaping up, shouting: "No! Stop, we——" and then a shadow like an eagle's wings flashed over my head, and Patrick disappeared with a clatter and an extraordinary *whoomph*. I looked back. He was hanging on to the load gauge, his legs

For a second, the firing stopped. In the light at

Bending, he kissed her palm, as she had kissed his once before. In that queer, forlorn gesture there was an infinite sadness for both of them

the mouth of the tunnel there was a figure, running. Savage leaped forward after it, shouting to the Gurkhas outside: "*Don't* stop firing! Shoot that man!"

dangling and his body draped like a scarecrow's across it. The *whoomph* was the air being driven out of his lungs, and the clatter was his rifle falling on to the wagon top and thence to the ground. He had jumped up to warn me not to go on, because of Victoria, and the load gauge had swept him off.

The two trucks were tearing down the road, which ran parallel with the line, and gaining fast.

The map of the country spread out in my head. Roy had the brake lever in his van and could stop us any time he chose. We were heading right into a patch of rocky scrub jungle that faltered off into water channels, ditches, hedges, and two straggly villages—an impossible place in which to catch a single and singularly skilful man.

Suddenly the brakes jammed hard on. While I struggled to save my balance, the brake van door opened with a crack like an eighteen-pounder, and Roy stepped off.

He hit the right-of-way, folded, and rolled forward like a ball in a cloud of dust. I got in one shot before he found his feet, then he was running like a hare among the stones and scrub. We had stopped on the very edge of the bad country.

Bishansing sprayed the trees with his Sten gun, but it was no good. I jumped to the ground and ran after Roy for a minute, but when the Gurks arrived I handed over to them and went back to the little line of wagons.

She was lying on the floor of the brake van, and I got very cold inside. I knelt down, preparing myself to say goodbye to her. I put out my hand, and she stirred and muttered: "Is he hurt—hurt—badly hurt, oh, Patrick, 'rick?" She'd got a bang on the head when the brake van stopped so suddenly. She spoke in a thick, muddled way and didn't know what she was saying, but she was going to be all right.

Patrick arrived on a bicycle. He was in some pain. I said: "A hell of a time you choose to practise pull-ups. Take your coat off."

He took off his coat and shirt, and I had a look at him. He was badly bruised, but I didn't think any bones were broken. The doctor would see to him when we got back. But something else had happened to him. I won't say he actually grinned at my crack, or that he actually answered back, but he somehow shrugged the whole thing off. The bend of his back, in his pain, said "Better luck next time," and showed much more of his true character than he was capable of putting across in words.

VICTORIA had had quite a shaking, but she was at her desk next morning. The following Thursday I went into her office and asked her if she'd finished. She nodded, and I said, "Let's do something indecent, then. Let's go over to the Club and have a drink."

She looked at her watch. "It's only half past four. We can't have a drink yet."

I said, "That's what I meant. I want to prove to one and all that I've lost my moral fibre." I picked up her handbag and held it out for her.

She sighed and smiled and came round the desk towards me. I said: "Fourteen days' C.L. for looking fond." She was very happy with me, and she loved me, and it was exactly like waking up in the holidays from school—say on September first, when the sea in the early morning has begun to take on the Chinese-print mistiness that warns of the end of days.

For already I could see that our days together were coming to an end. It was a feeling, and it was hateful.

I had planned a shooting expedition in the jungle, and we were leaving the next day. It would be wonderful, an idyll of exploration. Victoria and I would explore the jungle, the wild birds, the animals, and each other. But I had a feeling, all the same.

We went and had a drink and talked about it. I could see she had the feeling, too, so we finished up our drinks quickly, and I took her home.

The next day Victoria arrived at my bungalow in a tonga at about 05.15. She was wearing khaki slacks and her WAC(I) bush shirt and carrying a small suitcase. The day was coming and the night going, the streamers of both met high above us while the east was green and the west indigo. It was not cool, it was not hot. It was not light, it was not dark.

I had hired a bazaar lorry, and we had trouble with it, so that it was evening before we got there. Birkhe organized the tents and a meal, and it was very fine there.

We set a kid as bait that night, and slept for a while. But then a leopard came sniffing round, and I was very lucky and got him.

Saturday was good, with everything relaxed and easy between us, and in the evening a bit of a celebration was planned because of the leopard.

We ate chupattis, rice, dal and goat. After dinner, Birkhe started a new bonfire near the edge of the stream, and the villagers came down to join us.

We sipped sweet, hot coffee and watched the villagers skin the leopard. There were six or seven of them bent over the carcass, and soon

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Richard Walker takes the luck out of angling

by BERNARD LYON

His motto is simple: "Find the fish, then catch it." But he shocks the diehards with his gadgets and unorthodox ideas

AT MIDNIGHT on June 15, 1952, when the year's carp season officially started, a lanky, silver-haired angler named Richard Walker baited a hook with a raw potato and cast it into a lake in Lincolnshire. Then he settled down in the heavy rain for the toughest test of his skill—a demonstration of catching a carp, the most wary of fish, for a radio broadcast.

The B.B.C. had asked him to catch a big one weighing fifteen pounds or more—only about six carp of that size are recorded in Britain each season—and the fact that carp feed little after daybreak meant that he had eight hours in which to catch it.

At half past two his chances seemed ruined. Walker and his companions, who included two commentators with a microphone linked to a recording van, watched in dismay as a fish snatched at the bait and broke free, making enough commotion to scare away other fish. But at dawn an electric buzzer on his rod signalled a firm, angry tugging at the hook. Walker promptly dug in his heels. For eight exciting minutes he played a huge bronze carp which circled madly. He steered it close to the bank. Then a friend, Maurice Ingham, scooped it out of the water with a landing net. Walker did not kill the fish. "As soon as he had weighed it and found it was sixteen and a half pounds, he put it back to grow bigger," says Ingham.

Walker, who has a tanned leathery complexion, quick eyes and a blunt, easy-going manner, specializes in catching fish to order. Once, for a newspaper stunt, he caught a pair of large perch. Later, when the newspaper asked him to catch a three-foot barbel, he landed one on the day specified.

Pike Is The Odd Fish Out

His ordinary fishing is equally selective. "I fish for certain species and aim to catch only the biggest," he says. In 1951-52 his twenty-five notable bream, carp, dace, perch, rudd and tench accounted for ten per cent of the big fish caught that season by Britain's two million anglers. At thirty-six, he has large specimens of nearly all fresh-water fish to his credit. The exception is pike. His biggest weighed 17 lb. 12 oz., about half the English record.

Nearly every Friday throughout the year, Walker packs his fishing gear, tent and cooking stove into a rucksack and leaves home in Hitchin, Hertfordshire, to spend the weekend on the banks of a river, lake or reservoir. In his quest for fish, which amounts to an obsession —he rarely crosses a bridge without stopping to inspect the water below—he has cycled or hitch-hiked in friends' cars as far as Durham and Somerset. Peter Thomas, who often goes with him, says that Walker has waited for days without getting a bite and has yet been happy.

Made History In The Dark

"He is a contemplative angler," says Thomas, "always confident that the particular fish he wants will come along eventually. He looks on fishing as a mental exercise."

Big carp, thought by generations of anglers to be almost uncatchable, fascinate Walker. Several years ago, with Ingham, Thomas and six other friends, he formed a Carpcatchers' Club to study the problem of outwitting them. One of the club's outsize catches, hooked by Walker two years ago near Ross-on-Wye, made angling history. His bite alarm sounded at 4.45 a.m.

"It was pitch dark. I held the back of my hand under the rod to make sure that the line was being taken and felt it creep slowly over my knuckles—an eerie and satisfying sensation." Every few moments the carp gave a tug which

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In his workshed, Walker completes a new rod to his own design. Above him are specimens of his catches—made with worm, bread or potato bait

London Zoo houses Walker's record 44-lb. carp, which he shows to his son and another visitor. He never reveals where he catches his biggest fish

Excited B.B.C. men recorded a commentary as Walker hooked a carp for them. "I aim only for the biggest of certain fish," he says

seemed to Walker as if the rod had been hit by a sandbag. After struggling desperately for refuge in a clump of weed, the fish shot towards him and wedged itself in trailing brambles.

He was unable to weigh his capture. The pointer of his spring balance, which registered up to 32 lb. (slightly more than the previous record for carp), thumped against the stop. So he tied the fish in a sack and hung it in the water to keep alive. Then, tantalized at having broken a record and not knowing by how much, he chain-smoked until morning. At 10.30 a.m. he telephoned the London Zoo.

"The curator of the aquarium listened to my story and clearly thought I was spinning an angler's yarn, but he agreed to accept the carp and weigh it on arrival." At Regent's Park, where it was later put in a large tank, it tipped the scales at 44 lb. Last year, as the biggest rod-caught fresh-water fish in England, it appeared with Walker on television.

Anglers often ask him for the exact location of the waters where he catches record fish, but Walker always declines. He points out that otherwise his favourite spots would be ruined. When, as often happens, he is told that he must have been born lucky, he replies that he does not keep on catching fish simply by luck. "Careful preparation is vital. The first essential when fishing, and one which few anglers trouble to observe, is to find the fish."

Before putting his rod together, Walker frequently spends days searching for possible haunts. He makes note of air bubbles, currents, underwater obstructions and other clues. The value of this was shown one bitterly cold day in January. He went to Arlesey Lake in Bedfordshire, a claypit which had seldom yielded big fish, and baffled its regular anglers by landing a fine perch of 4 lb. 2 oz.

Asked how he had done it, he said that he had studied the bed of the lake by casting a weight on a line and counting the seconds it took to sink. When he had found the deepest point, a forty-foot hole about seventy yards from the bank, he dropped in his bait. "I knew that would be the warmest spot in the lake on a cold day and that fish would congregate there."

A thermometer for measuring water temperatures is an important item of Walker's equipment. Carp, among other species, lose their appetite if the water exceeds seventy degrees Fahrenheit. When Walker went carp hunting with Ingham at Dagenham, Essex, he measured the temperature in different parts of the lake and decided to fish in shaded shallows where, at sixty-eight degrees, the water was coolest. But local anglers revealed that the bed in the shallows was covered with a growth of green silkweed which hid the bait from the fish.

"Walker solved this difficulty by improvising a special type of tackle," says Ingham. "He threaded a weight on his line about six inches from the hook. When the line was cast, the weight rested on the lake bed and the baited hook floated upwards, just above the level of the silkweed." That day, Walker landed carp of 22 lb. 12 oz. and 17 lb. 8 oz.

The Giant That Got Away

Bernard Venables, an authority on angling, says: "Walker combines the passion of an angler with the cold objectivity of a scientist." Some anglers contend that he is too scientific. On one occasion a diehard complained that gadgets like the electric bite alarm, invented by Walker as an aid to night fishing, rob the fish of a sporting chance. Walker replied that many of them manage to get away. Those which have eluded him include an enormous specimen—"it must have weighed fifty pounds"—which lunged out of the darkness and disappeared with his bait, hook and several yards of line.

Walker delights in trying to disprove established theories about angling. His forthright views on angling techniques, put forward with calm authority, have made him the most controversial angler in Britain. In one of his recent books, *Still-Water Angling*, he questioned wise saws which fishermen have believed in for centuries. Readers sent indignant letters. "Dick was unruffled," says a friend. "He enjoyed the argument—and stayed convinced that he was right all along."

Recently an angling journal published a letter from a reader who suggested that a first-class match angler, fishing purely for weight of fish of any kind and size, could beat Walker easily. As a result of this challenge, Walker agreed to meet Tom Sails, a Lincoln match fisherman, in a three-round contest on equal terms. At the end of round two, Sails was 3 lb. 13 oz. ahead with good catches of roach. But in round three, fought on the Hampshire Avon, Walker's special knowledge of big fish brought him victory with a 10 lb. 12 oz. barbel. Ken Sutton, the organizer of the contest, says: "Walker celebrated his win by going to a nearby stream and, in violent wind and rain, pulling out twenty pounds of chub in two hours. It was the most amazing performance I have known."

Married, with three young sons, Walker is chief designer in his family firm of lawn mower and farm machinery makers. Sometimes he takes over a bench in the machine shop and makes his own reels. At home, he has a garden workshed where he ties his own trout flies, sharpens hooks, prepares baits—ninety per cent of his big fish have been caught on worms, bread or potato—and designs and builds his own rods. He uses split bamboo as his main material. Recently, to test the suppleness of a new rod, he borrowed a neighbour's spaniel, tied the line to its collar and "played" the dog like a fish.

Walker prefers fine tackle. "Heavy tackle, as used by sea fishermen, calls for less skill," he says. Often he battles with 20-lb. fish on a slender nylon line with a breaking strain of 9 lb.

First Bite At Age Of Four

In his youth, Walker admits, he poached and was often chased by bailiffs as he clutched wet fish under his jacket. "I was introduced to fishing by my grandfather, who was a keen angler. We walked beside the rivers near his home in Hertfordshire. Whenever he saw a fish he hoisted me on his shoulders—and refused to let me down until I proved I had seen it, too." At the age of four, Walker caught a 4-lb. trout with a worm, some string and a garden cane. "At ten, when the family had resigned themselves to my being a fisherman, I got my first proper rod."

Although some anglers insist that big fish may need to be played for half an hour or more, Walker believes in landing his catch without delay. When he was fourteen he was motoring with relatives near a river and suddenly asked the driver to stop the car. Shouting "Wait a moment!" he took his rod and line from the luggage boot and dashed through a hedge.

"Ten minutes later," says his mother, "he caught a large trout for supper." THE END

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[NCT 78]

THE WOMAN AT ELLERWRAY

Continued from page 11

with every freezing day. For once, she found herself craving for the reassurance of a friendly voice.

Andrew was cheerful and chatty, but not old enough to supply the support she needed. And Tim was hailing it as a glorious, sparkling phase when he could go skating to his heart's content.

She caught herself hoping that Jack would call. She would have given a deal to be able to take back what she had said up there by the tarn; she must have hurt him abominably.

But he never came.

At last the air softened. Quite suddenly it was warmer. During that day the snow in the dale ran to slush, and the becks tinkled with the breaking up of the ice. The next, the sun shone waterily through damp air that gave promise of rain from the west. Staring early that Saturday afternoon at the wet greenery spreading along the fells, she saw Jack Todd crossing the yard.

She swung open the kitchen door and smiled. "Hallo! You're a stranger."

His answering smile was hardly a smile at all, and his words were quick and impersonal. "I wouldn't have bothered you again. Nay. But I reckon this is a case when 'tis anybody's business. Anybody in dale would tell you he shouldn't be let go."

She said: "Whatever do you mean? I don't understand."

"Young Tim. With thaw well set in, 'tis gey risky to let him go skating up there." He was pointing in the direction of Whinscales Tarn.

Her eyes widened. She drew in a noisy breath. "But I didn't! I told him there was to be no more skating."

He said: "Coming down dale road, I happened to glance up yonder. He was just topping lip of fell. And I reckoned things dangling from his hand were his boots with skates fixed on."

Shrill with anxiety, she said: "The little idiot! It'll be thawing fast. Oh, I——!"

"I'd best go up quick. Got a short ladder handy, an' a rope?"

She was running across to the barn. "In here. Oh, why, why didn't he listen to me?" She snatched up a coil of rope. "I'm coming with you."

THEY reached the lip of the fell in ten minutes, topped the heathery knoll. Whinscales Tarn was clearly visible. The main, circular area had a slushy smoothness of melted snow smearing the ice. No skating figure moved there. But in the centre of the ice covering the narrow tail end was a splintered hole, with cracks radiating from it.

Mary was talking to herself. She was murmuring in agony: "Please, God, don't let it be that! Please don't!"

She was running so fast, he found it hard to keep up with her and balance the ladder. Her hair was streaming out in bronze pennants. Her face itself had a stillness awful to behold. And there was nothing he could say, no hope to offer her. That darkish, splintered gap had a finality about it.

As they drew nearer, a black object on the bank resolved itself into a small pair of gum-boots. They, too, gave an effect of finality.

Now they were on the edge of the bank. His hands came out and caught her elbow. He said rather hoarsely: "I'm going to push the ladder out a bit. Stand on this end. 'Twill help to take my weight."

He lay flat on the ladder, the rope coiled over his shoulder, and started to pull himself out over the edge of the bank. He was almost hoping not to find the dead boy. To drag him out in front of her would be——

A SOUND came up from below the gap in the ice, and for a moment he dared not let himself believe the reality of it. The sound was Tim's voice, crying feebly. He wriggled out another yard, and then he could see down through the gap. Instead of six feet of water below the cracked ice, there was four feet of empty space. Beneath that, blue and shuddering, in water up to his thighs, stood Tim, his raised arms too short to reach up and grasp the splintered edges.

"The rope's coming, lad!" It was a great, exultant shout. "Grab it, and hang on."

Wriggling back along the ladder, he felt the rope tighten. As he hauled, he was telling himself the explanation of the miracle. For three weeks there had been no rain. The cleared gutter had been steadily reducing the level of the tarn. The ice across the narrow neck had been strong enough to remain as a bridge while the water below dropped lower and lower.

A minute later they were stripping the boy and rubbing him down with Mary's woolly jacket. An efficient calmness had come over her. She was talking to him in a laughing, chiding voice.

Jack said: "I'd carry you home, lad, but 'twould be better for warmth if you ran. Come on! On with these gum-boots an' my jacket, an' then off like a rabbit."

With the resilience of childhood, Tim was smiling and cheerful. He went scampering off for home. They came on behind, walking.

Mary said abruptly: "What am I to say to you? Apologies seem so feeble."

"Apologies?"

"Yes. You did me a good turn, and I was vile to you. But for that good turn, Tim wouldn't be alive now." Reaction set her voice faltering. "There's one thing. I don't think I've got much pride left. I——"

There she stopped, and burst out crying. He said: "Nay, lass, don't!" and dropped the ladder.

He was meaning to give her a comforting pat on the shoulder. To his glorying amazement, he found she was in his arms. THE END

BHOWANI JUNCTION

Continued from page 21

one of them began to sing. It was in dialect, and I did not understand. It was a hot night, but the fire and the song and the leopard made us forget that.

I lit a cheroot. This was my India. There had been a place for me round such fires as this for three hundred years. The Ranjits and Surabhais, who were trying to change themselves, didn't light bonfires and sing round them. They read Paine and Burke and spoke in English because the ideas they were trying to express did not exist in their own language.

Victoria must have an idea. Otherwise, why had she got herself mixed up with Ranjit? It wasn't love for him, not on her part. She had an idea.

I gave her another drink from our whisky bottle.

It got late. The villagers took their leave and Victoria and I sat alone while the fire sank lower and lower and made no sound. Once or twice she glanced over her shoulder, and I said, without looking round, "I hope a tigress is watching. With her cubs. Will you come down to the river?"

She walked slowly with me across the grass, holding my hand and twining her fingers in mine. There were blood marks on the grass, picked out by the dull fire and the thin glow of the hurricane lantern in the door of our tent, and yellow hairs, and a sharp smell of meat and woodsmoke.

I stopped on the top of the low bank above the stream, where the light met the dark. The water was black and the trees pale. She put up her other hand, turning to me, and gently stroked my face and laid her cheek against mine.

I turned her so that the light from the fire, unseen itself but reflected down from the woven ceiling of leaves, touched her face. I put her there so that her eyes and the corners of her mouth would help me to understand the changeable, deceptive, compulsive twining of her fingers. Then I broke all physical touch between us and stood back from her.

Certainty was very near for both of us, but it wasn't with us.

I took her wrist and did what she had done to me once before. I turned it over and kissed the inside, holding my lips quietly there. She bent over my head, and her hair moved softly across mine. . . .

When we got back to Bhowani, I wrote William Stevenage a telegram. William was a member of the Board of the Presidency Education Trust and an old school pal of mine. He was the man who'd saved Patrick from jail when Patrick threatened Wallingford with a gun on that trip to Bombay.

Steve Ellington was due to come through Bhowani at 16.44 on Friday—that was on Number 98 Up. Steve had commanded a British battalion next to mine for a good spell of Burma, and now he was on his way back to England with three or four officers and a lot of B.O.R.s. We'd arranged to give them a reception in the thirteen minutes 98 Up spent at Bhowani Junction.

The monsoon had broken, and it was raining like hell when we got to the station, Victoria and I and all my officers in a large group. Victoria saw Govindaswami farther down and drew my attention to him. I peered over the heads of the crowd. He was talking to Ranjit—and the Sirdarni-sahiba. It looked as if she was catching the train. He'd never pressed any charge against her, so she'd been out of jail for more than a week.

Then Govindaswami came up to us and tipped his panama nicely to Victoria.

I said, "Where's the Sirdarni-sahiba going? Visiting friends?"

Sammy sighed, removed his panama, and mopped his brow. He answered, "You could call it that. The friends live in Warsaw, whence there is a good train service, I believe, to the east."

I said, "She's going to Russia? Are you people letting her?"

He said, "We can't stop her. It's a world conference of some kind. It was Ranjit who made her go—by becoming a Sikh. It's been a great triumph of love and determination for him. She was trying to be two things at once—and to make him the same—a Communist and an Indian. It can't be done. So they're parting here at Bhowani Junction, he to become an Indian, and she a Communist."

Just then, the train whistled, and Sammy turned and led the way through the shrieking people on the platform. Patrick came down the stairs just before we got to them, and stood with his hands in his pockets. Sammy passed close to him and said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Taylor." Patrick ignored him but said, "Good afternoon," to Victoria and me and tried to smile.

As we went on, Sammy said, "He's having a bad time. You have heard that he is under a month's notice of dismissal from the railway?"

Victoria stopped dead among the seething crowds, as if he'd punched her over the heart. The engine of 98 Up passed by, clanking and hissing.

I saw Steve in the door of his carriage and thought: there he is, on his way out. Soon I would go. We'd all go. It was the British people deserting their responsibility, wasn't it? Then why didn't I stay? Because I didn't belong here, not as a stone or a stream belongs. Or a cheechee engine-driver's little girl, in a big topi with a waterproof cover, playing in the dust beside the red-hot rails.

We went down to the crowd. Everyone was out on the platform, jabbering like monkeys beside the train. The rain hissed on the carriage roofs and ran whispering down the window panes. Birkhe had three champagne glasses insecurely held in his hands and an anxious look on his face. Ellington pushed his way through to us.

Steve's eyes flickered when I took Victoria's hand and said, "This is *it*, Steve." But he was well trained, and the flicker went, and his smile widened, and he said, "You poor girl! It looks as though you haven't lost your luck, Rodney," and the damned fool meant it. He didn't care about her colour any more than I did. But his eyes had flickered, all the same.

We started drinking toasts. Victoria was looking strange. She was turning her head from side to side and examining us as though we were a lot of strangers. As though she were saying to herself: Where do I belong in this? Among the phrenetic passengers waving from the upper decks, or among the ordinary people who were contorting their faces into smiles, but would stay behind? I knew the answer damned well, just as I knew I'd been a traveller for too many generations to change.

The conductor-guard blew his whistle imperiously. But it was five minutes before Steve and his people climbed back into their compartments, and the train began to move off. His other officers had filled their tooth-mugs with champagne and were shouting toasts: "Piccadilly!" "Roll on!" "Three cheers for General Twist!" and a few unprintable ones.

Patrick pushed past behind us. I suppose he had a message for the guard, or perhaps he was just going that way and shoving because his name was Patrick Taylor. He wasn't being obstreperous about it, just clumsily determined.

Birkhe was there, squeezed on to the rainy edge of the platform with a lot of empty champagne glasses in his hands. He was smiling at the B.O.R.s as they passed so close to him. A lance-corporal leaned out and tried to grab his hat as a souvenir. I began to smile, but Birkhe jerked his head and slipped—and he could have saved himself, but champagne glasses are beautiful and expensive, and Patrick's big arm jumped out at him, and the back of the carriage came, and Birkhe fell between it and the guard's van.

Victoria's glass tinkled on to the stone behind me. I thought I heard it tinkling for five minutes. I heard myself whisper among the tinkling, "Oh Birkhe." Some of the B.O.R.s had seen; their faces were frozen; one

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leaned out, trying to look under the train. The guard was standing in the open door of his van; his face was dirty white and blown up and full of pop eyes and a shrilling whistle. He disappeared inside his van, and the train jerked to a ferocious stop.

I ran to the back and jumped down on the line and took Birkhe in my arms. I took his topknot and pulled gently and whispered, "God is taking you up, son. Goodbye, goodbye, good-bye." God knows whether the little beggar heard me, because he died.

I got back to Patrick in a jump and a couple of strides, and took his shoulder and pulled him round. He had been looking vacantly down into the space between the platform and the van. His face was silly, wet, floppy. I heard Victoria saying over and over again beside me, "Rodney, no, no!"

I said, "You pushed him under." I was beside myself, boiling, trembling.

His face slowly began to steady into shape. His pale eyes enlarged, and his big hands went down to his sides. He said, "Yes, I pushed him under."

EVERYONE was suddenly quiet, and my trousers were drenched in blood and my shirt in rain. It was no use going on any more. Everything went flop inside me, and my eyes stung. I muttered, "*Nine, ten, out.* Don't be a fool. You were trying to help him. Otherwise he'd be alive."

Sammy came up, and Patrick said to him, "I pushed Colonel Savage's orderly under the train."

Sammy said, "On purpose?" I looked round the circle of sickly eyes. Ellington was there. The champagne flush had turned mottled red and white and ugly on all their faces. Taylor said in answer to Sammy's question, "On purpose? I don't know."

Ranjit was there. He said, "Mr. Taylor didn't do it on purpose, Collector. He was trying to save him."

Patrick turned on him and shouted, "I don't want your help!"

I said, "In the name of heaven, will you all get away from here. Taylor did not do it on purpose."

I must have been alone on the platform for a time, then turned and walked out of the station. A woman was running along beside me, trying to keep up, her short skirt too tight for her, with a look on her face I'd seen once before. Victoria.

She came to my bungalow with me, and we sat down and drank in silence. She was there, but I'd lost her. I asked her why she wasn't with Patrick. "He needs you more than I do," I said.

She said, "Not tonight, Rodney. But I love him. Go and bathe and rest."

I looked down at the blood and nodded, and went out to the bathroom. Afterwards we talked, but I couldn't forget Birkhe. I told her about pulling his topknot, which Gurkhas keep because they believe that God will pull them up to heaven by it when they die. I talked a lot about Birkhe, and then the war and the regiment, and my father.

Then she talked, peacefully, endlessly. It was at this time she told me about the night Roy came for her, and the escape in the goods-train.

I might have felt sad because this was surely the last time she would be with me. I might have asked her in what way she loved Patrick. It wouldn't have hurt me then, whatever she answered. But I knew. Patrick had drawn her back to him a little more quickly by his bad luck, but the twin roots of the matter were that she was an Anglo-Indian and that she had always loved him—and even those two were really one.

We talked about the future of her people. When we English left India they could look beyond the telegraph lines and the railway lines. There would be nothing they could not achieve then, depending only upon themselves. From Bhowani Junction the lines spread out to every Indian horizon for them.

She had learned that she wasn't going to hurry Patrick or be hurried, but she was quite sure it would be all right. We had both known it before the jungle trip. But that was the point at which she stopped drifting. Patrick had brought her to shore. Patrick and Birkhe.

So there we were, at one o'clock in the morning, arrived at last at Bhowani Junction. All change at Bhowani Junction!

Patrick Taylor Concludes The Story

AFTER the terrible thing happened, I stood for a long time where I was, because I was not able to move. I had tried to help the colonel's Gurkha orderly, and now he was under the train. At least, I could have sworn I meant to help him, but standing there on the platform it was like going mad. I thought: How *can* these things happen so often unless I *do* mean them?

So when the colonel pulled me round I had to tell him, yes, I'd pushed the orderly under the train. It would have been wrong to try to get out of trouble. I wanted the colonel to kill me then, because I deserved it and there was nothing I was good for, and the Indians were going to be bosses in India, and I was sacked.

He looked as if he would kill me. He looked more terrible than anyone I have ever seen, with the blood drenching his trousers and the bottom of his bush shirt, and the rain splashes all over him, and the tears in his eyes. For me, the tears were by far the worst. I didn't understand what happened after that.

I know Victoria came to me and took my hand and spoke to me. But the colonel loved her, and she was the only person who could stop him from killing himself or somebody else; and I didn't feel angry any more about losing her, only sad. I had lost her to a better man and one who could give her a hundred times more than I could, so I told her to go away and look after him.

As I turned to go I remembered I had an appointment with Mr. Stevenage in the Collector's bungalow at six o'clock, to talk about St. Thomas's. I noticed Ranjit Singh Kasel beside me, and he said, "Let me take you to your home in a tonga, Mr. Taylor."

"I'm not going home," I said. "I have an appointment with Mr. Stevenage. It is about St. Thomas's."

Kasel said, "Please let me come. I am interested in St. Thomas's, too."

So we went along to the Collector's bungalow together. Mr. Stevenage was nice, but I do not think he could have done much for us unless Kasel had spoken.

If the school was sold, Kasel said, Mr. Stevenage and the Trust would be disposing of an Indian asset, which they had no right to do. He had a jolly nerve to say that—I saw the Collector's look of faint surprise—but Mr. Stevenage only laughed and said, "That's one way of looking at it."

Then we talked some more, but it was clear that Mr. Stevenage was really thinking about what Kasel had said, and after a time he said, "I have always been against selling the school once the Anglo-Indian community made it plain that they wanted to keep it. Our duty was only to make sure the community realized the economic facts. But what I and people who agree with me have lacked is a talking point to persuade the more orthodox members of the Trust Board. Ranjit Singh's point—his veiled threat, we might say—is exactly what we need."

Then Mr. Stevenage said he couldn't promise anything but he thought he would be able to persuade the board to cancel their negotiations for the sale when he got back to Bombay.

We chatted for a while and then Mr. Stevenage said to me, "Would you care to consider working for my firm as manager of our cement-works railway in Cholaghat?"

Being offered this job was so like a miracle, when it happened on that day of all days, that I couldn't believe it. I said to Mr. Stevenage, "Who recommended me for this, sir?"

He glanced at Govindaswami, who nodded at him, then said, "It was Colonel Savage. He is not a railwayman, but I have known him a long time and I have a very high regard for his judgment of character."

If it was Colonel Savage I would be happy to take it. We had been misunderstanding each other at first because of Victoria, but that is what women always do to men, and now it was over.

I told Mr. Stevenage I would be glad to work for his firm, and we settled some details. I was to go there as soon as my relief had come to Bhowani.

I COULDN'T sleep that night. I lay awake, thinking of Victoria and listening to the rain on the roof. It was sad to think about her, because of what we might have done at Cholaghat. The railway manager there has a big bungalow at the edge of the jungle. We could have had children, who might become officers of the Indian Army just like Colonel Savage. They would be able to become anything they wanted in the world—air pilots, rich men, prime ministers. . . .

I turned over in bed and groaned, because Victoria would not be in the Cholaghat jungle with me but with the cows and the green fields in England, shooting pheasants in a tweed skirt like the pictures in the shiny English papers.

The telephone rang, and I looked at my watch and saw it was three minutes past one in the morning. It was the assistant stationmaster. He asked me if I knew where Kasel was. "It is Pipalkhera, sir," he explained. "A lady has lost her gold bangle, and the stationmaster is trying to get it back to her, but he cannot locate the lady."

I asked him what on earth he thought he was talking about.

He said, "Sir, following is gist of message shortly received from stationmaster Pipalkhera. A party of three Moslem purdah ladies purchased tickets from there to Chakraj Nawada shortly before departure of 290 Up Passenger from Pipalkhera station. The party was only just in time to catch train, and was compelled to hurry."

I said, "Yes, yes. Hurry up." I was beginning to get sleepy.

He went on. "Just recently, stationmaster Pipalkhera noticed one gold bangle for lady's foot, broken through lying near platform. He is honest man, sir, so he telegraphed at once to warn Chakraj Nawada to meet incoming train, which is due there at midnight, and inform purdah ladies that bangle

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

LIONEL was not the best of husbands. His wife, Heather, had been unwell off and on for some years, and he seemed to have grown tired of her repeated illnesses.

During one of Heather's attacks, Lionel, who was about forty-five and had a healthy bank balance, met Maria. She was thirty-five and attractive, and soon found that Lionel was able to give her a good time. Before long, Lionel was hopelessly infatuated.

Heather's condition slowly deteriorated, but her husband was too absorbed with his new companion to take much notice. Maria was shrewd, and one evening Lionel fervently proposed marriage to her. "When Heather recovers, I shall ask her to divorce me," he said.

"What if she does not recover?" asked Maria.

"That will make it even easier," said Lionel heedlessly.

So they arranged to marry in either event. That night, when Lionel arrived home, he found the doctor there. He was shocked to learn that Heather had twelve hours to live.

Suddenly he felt desperately ashamed, and realized what a terrible thing he had done; Heather died in the morning.

When Lionel refused to see Maria again, she sued him for damages for breach of promise to marry. "This man made love to me, and promised to marry me after he was freed by divorce or death," she told the court. "He let me down, and I want damages to clear my name."

Lionel was still very shaken by Heather's death. "I realize I behaved appallingly," he pleaded in defence. "But I claim that the promise I made to Maria is not binding. A contract by a married man to wed another woman while he is still married is not the sort of agreement that the law will recognize or enforce."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 28

THE STORY OF TEA No. 2 (No. 3 will appear in the June 26 issue.) ★

How seedlings are planted out (Southern India & Ceylon)

Planting out a new garden . . . .

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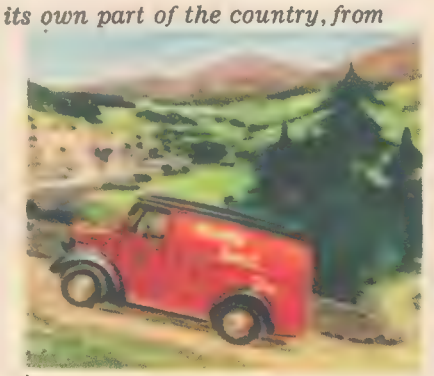

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Toffee
THE PERFECTION OF CONFECTIONS
D.A.6

is in safe custody. But at three a.m. Chakraj Nawada telegraphed that no such ladies were on train. Station-master Pipalkhera in meantime examined bangle and found inscribed on it the name 'Kasel.' We were thinking perhaps Mr. Ranjit Singh Kasel might be knowing information that would help us to locate owner of bangle. Most probable owner is Sirdarni-sahiba his mother, but the lady left for foreign trip on 98 Up Express. So here is further element of mystery in affair."

I told the A.S.M. to get hold of Ranjit Singh Kasel in the morning. In the meantime, my God, I was not a lost-property office.

I went back to bed and tried to go to sleep, but as soon as I lay down to sleep, the sleep ran away and I was thinking of Victoria—as a baby, as a little girl, as a woman, the thousand things we had done together.

To stop myself thinking about her I began to think about the bangle. What could be the solution? I have read millions of jolly good detective stories, and this was like the same thing. This story about the bangle would be like a clue, and the detective from Scotland Yard (me) would have to work out where the lady was, because she would be the murdered man's first wife. Of course the purdah ladies might have got off at any station before Chakraj Nawada, and there was no reason why anyone should report it. But suppose they hadn't? Suppose it wasn't the murdered man's first wife, but the master criminal in disguise. He'd have to get off between stations. But he couldn't, because it would be terribly risky, except in the Mayni Tunnel.

I nearly fell out of bed as the thought struck me. Suppose the purdah ladies were bolshevist women! Suppose three of them had dynamite hidden under their burqas! Both ends of the Mayni Tunnel were guarded by watchmen, but a bolshie could get in by buying a ticket on an Up train and stepping out when it was going very slowly up the bank in the tunnel in all the smoke and darkness.

I lay back and lit a cigarette. It was really a silly story. I daren't wake up Colonel Savage with a story like that, not after what I had done to him today of all times.

I sat up again. There were three troop trains going through tonight, within twenty minutes of each other. I got out of bed and walked up and down. I went twice to the telephone. Each time I walked away again. I cursed and swore and groaned. Then I fairly ran to the telephone, grabbed it up, and shouted at the operator and got Colonel Savage's number. Whatever they did to me, I had my duty to do.

I thought he would be in a terrible temper—as, my God, he could be—but he spoke very nicely and gently. He said, "What's the matter?" and he called me Patrick. I began to explain the whole thing to him.

THE moment I said that the three women had not reached Chakraj Nawada, he said, "The Mayni Tunnel. Tell me the rest later. Bring your rifle and get to the Collector's bungalow as fast as you can." He rang off.

I threw on my clothes and was up at the Collector's very quickly. Ranjit was there with Govindaswami. I explained about the bangle and everything, and Ranjit first looked sad and then he looked grim, and he said, "My mother *must* have gone on to Bombay, I can't think of anything that would be more important to her than that. But the bangle. It sounds ——" He stopped and thought and said, "But I think she must have given that bangle to K. P. Roy to help him disguise himself. It probably got weakened and broken by being on a man's ankle instead of a woman's."

Then Colonel Savage hurried in with Victoria. He said, "Five minutes, Collector." He turned to me and said, "Why don't we stop all rail traffic until we've searched the line?"

I said, "We could, sir, but I don't think we are really sure enough, are we? If you stop the trains now, with all the troop and grain specials going down to the famine area, it would be worse than wrecking a single train."

Govindaswami thought for a time. He said at last, "All right. Especially as I think we can be in time. There is nothing due through now before the troop specials?"

I said, "There is an Up goods. Roy won't touch that though, will he?"

Govindaswami went out to telephone, and then Lieutenant Glass, the Colonel's adjutant, hurried in and said everything was ready.

I squeezed into the back seat of the jeep next to Victoria. Colonel Savage sat in front, driving, with a Gurkha I didn't know beside him. The Collector followed with Kasel and two armed constables. After that there was a jeep with a wireless set and another with several Gurkhas; then a lot of the Dodge lorries and then another jeep. The rain had stopped for the moment, but the night was dark and gusty, and big pools of water lay in the road.

We started off down the Pike, and the colonel said over his shoulder, "Victoria, tell him the plan," and she did so. One party was going to the north end of the tunnel and one to the south. Another party would stand by the ventilation shaft, half-way, and the fourth party—ours—would go through the tunnel.

WE made two stops to drop off the other two parties, and the third time we stopped everyone got out. The Gurkhas slid down, split into groups, and moved off the road. The jeep at the back of the convoy crawled past us and went on south, a Gurkha in the back throwing out cable from a drum.

The colonel tapped me on the shoulder, and I got into a rough line with him and a lot of Gurkhas, and we started quickly up the hill to the left of the road.

For a few minutes we hurried through scrub jungle and spear-grass; then everyone stopped. We were on top of a steep bank, and at the bottom there were four faintly shining curves—two pairs of rails. We were just above the south portal of the Mayni Tunnel, on the Down side.

Everyone sat down on the top of the cutting. We were so wet it made no difference. I heard a rumble, and beside me Victoria looked at the sky, but I knew it was a train in the tunnel—the Up goods. The rumbling grew louder, the engine came out of the tunnel with a big *whoof*, then it was gone, and thousands of red sparks drifted down on us in the wet wind.

We slithered down the sides of the cutting. Some Gurkhas stayed outside the mouth of the tunnel, where we woke up a sleepy and frightened watchman. The rest of us moved in.

A brick-lined drainage ditch runs down the centre between the two pairs of rails. We went in five columns—one along each wall, one between each pair of rails, one along the ditch. No one made a sound except me, and I realized they must all be wearing P.T. shoes. I took my shoes off as quickly as I could and went on in my socks.

One man at the head of each column had a torch. He kept it pointed down on the rails as he moved, switching it from rail to rail looking for explosive or wires. We went slowly. Behind the men with the lights it was black as the inside of a cow. Suddenly I

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge said that it is contrary to public policy and morality for a married person to promise marriage to a third party (but a promise made after decree nisi and before decree absolute may be enforced). In Lionel's case Heather was alive and the marriage still in force when he promised to marry Maria, and therefore she lost her action. "Such a contract is inconsistent with that affection which ought to subsist between spouses, and is calculated to act as a direct inducement to immorality," said a judge in a similar case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

"I planted nothing but weeds just to see what would happen"

got very frightened. My feet had begun to hurt, and I was wet and cold.

We were a mile or more in and couldn't have had much more than a quarter of a mile to go to the north portal when the Gurkha on the left, the Down line, stopped and said, "Wires!"

We all stopped. The man who had found the wires flashed his torch and Govindaswami, Kasel, Colonel Savage, and I gathered round it. Colonel Savage said, "Well, I'm damned!" and then he spoke in Gurkhali, and the jemadar's wire-cutters went *snip-snip*.

Colonel Savage spoke to one of the signallers who'd been laying cable behind us, and the signaller gave him a field telephone. He spoke to Lieutenant Glass in Shahpur station and told him to stop all traffic. Then Govindaswami said, "But where has K. P. Roy got to?"

Colonel Savage said: He could have got out before we blocked the portals."

I said: "Yes. But the troop trains are going to Bombay. Why has he put the charge under the Down line? He is crazy, if you ask me." Of course Roy was not a railwayman, but he ought to know that trains keep to the left.

Govindaswami said: "I don't think he's so crazy," and Colonel Savage said: "Oh, I *see*. Who is it?" and Govindaswami said: "Wait and see."

Then Colonel Savage said: "We'd better get on. There may be another charge."

We found no more charges and we were going along with the torches like fireflies in front when suddenly a light shone down from ahead and I saw the arch of the tunnel mouth, and there were three Gurkhas with revolvers.

Someone from outside the tunnel shouted, "Halt!" One of the Gurkhas shouted, "Friend!" and at once a blast of machine-gun bullets ripped into the tunnel, and two of the Gurkhas with revolvers fell over. Colonel Savage swung round and dropped his carbine. The Bren guns outside hiccupped and roared hysterically, and orange flames streaked out in the darkness. I pushed Victoria down, jumped up, and shouted, "Stop—it's us!"

FOR one second the firing stopped everywhere, and I saw the third Gurkha with the revolver running out into the rain. It was pouring again, and there were lightning and thunder.

Savage ran forward, shouting: "*Don't* stop firing. Shoot that man!"

Some of the torches held steady; some waved wildly about, and I saw that Colonel Savage's right hand was bleeding and he hadn't got his carbine. Victoria was lying safe in the ditch behind me. My heart turned over when I thought that I had stopped them from getting Roy. Of course, the Gurkhas outside had fired at once because they came from war, and because the Gurkhas with the revolvers had said, "Friend," instead of giving the countersign.

I ran out after Colonel Savage into the rain. I was beside him in ten seconds. It was pitch black whenever the lightning stopped. There were Gurkhas beside us, and I heard bushes shaking on the right. Savage shouted, "First Thirteenth, stand fast! Shoot anything moving!" But the thunder drowned his voice.

In a thin, streaky bit of lightning, I saw a Gurkha walking across the hill about thirty yards up among the bushes. Savage said, "There!" and flung up his arm. I shouted, "He may not have heard your order, sir!" My God, I'd killed one Gurkha that day. But Savage yelled, "Shoot, damn you!" and I took careful aim at the Gurkha and shot him.

He stopped, looked round, and waved his arm as though he was rather tired, and then fell face downwards into the bushes.

HE was dead when we got up to him, and he was K. P. Roy. He was dressed in jungle-green Indian Army uniform except for bare feet. You could buy those clothes anywhere, and a Gurkha hat is easy to hide under a burqa.

I wiped the rain off my face—I was trembling like a jelly—and said: "It was lucky he wasn't one of your men after all, Colonel."

Colonel Savage said: "I recognized him. That's how I saw him at the village near Malra, only it was moonlight instead of lightning." Well, I'd seen what he'd seen, but Colonel Savage was a man who *used* darkness, and I suppose he recognized something about the way the light moved as the man walked—but of course the real thing is that Colonel Savage would take any risks because his luck never let him down. He must have been thinking the same thing, because he said to me: "Your luck's changed, Patrick. Congratulations."

Govindaswami came out of the tunnel and told us the other two men were dead. Then Colonel Savage said to him: "Well, Sammy, I think we can say that we've got the man who murdered Macaulay." He waited quite a time before he added, "Don't you?"

Victoria began to say something—she'd come up with Kasel—but Kasel said: "As far as I'm concerned, I think so," and Govindaswami said: "In the circumstances, yes."

Then Colonel Savage said: "Good. Any objections if we resume traffic now?" Govindaswami answered, "No," and I agreed.

Victoria asked me whether I was all right, and I asked her whether she was. Her clothes were wet through, and her hair was soaked.

Govindaswami was talking to someone on the telephone when I suddenly remembered the colonel's wound. Victoria said: "Don't bother him, Patrick. He got a bullet through the wrist. It's being bandaged now."

Then we got into the tunnel, out of the rain. The first troop train must have been waiting at Mayni, because it passed us almost at once.

The Gurkhas had cleared the charges

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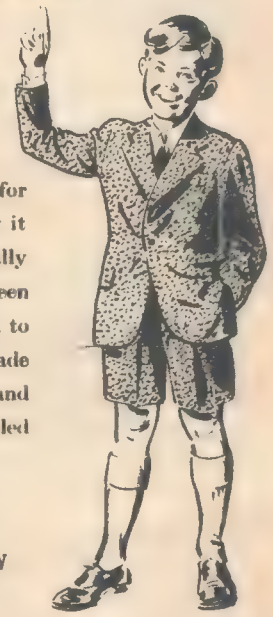

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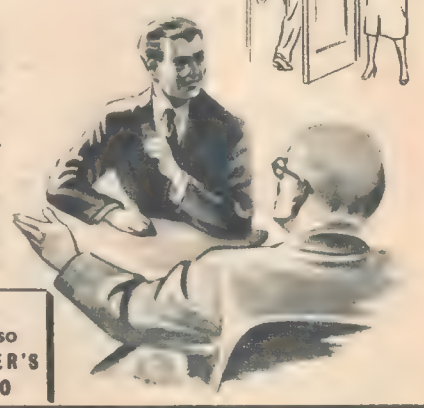

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away when we got that far, and they walked out to the north portal with boxes of the explosive on their shoulders. There was enough to blow half the hill down.

Then the second troop train came. It passed so close, going slowly uphill on the Up line, that I could have reached out my hand and touched the glass of the windows. The last troop train only just got by before Number 1 Down Mail came into the tunnel from the other end.

Govindaswami stood up, and we all stood up. I don't know what we were expecting. The searchlight of Number 1 Down Mail leaped into the tunnel, and she was already going fast. The beat of the exhaust was light and quick and getting quicker. The engine raced past on the Down line. The first- and second-class compartments were dark, but there is always a light left on in the thirds and Govindaswami said sharply: "Look carefully now!"

The fifth third-class carriage was only half-full. Everyone was sprawled all over, asleep in it, except for a little group up at one end. We had all seen a thousand pictures of that grizzled, naked little man who was squatting on a bench there, his spectacles on the end of his nose, and his hands folded in his lap. There were three or four men and women round him, waving their arms, and he was talking, I think.

After the train had gone, no one moved or spoke for a long time. Then Colonel Savage said, "And why is he awake at this hour?"

Govindaswami said: "Because Lanson ordered him out of the train at Shahpur and wouldn't let him back in until you sent your message."

Savage said: "And what was the purpose of your cryptic conversation with Lanson back there?" I didn't know Lanson was in Shahpur station at all, but he must have been.

Govindaswami turned to Kasel and said: "Lanson was arresting your mother. She got into that compartment with Gandhi at Gondwara—where she got out of 98 Up. She had a loaded revolver on her."

KASEL stood quite still. "The revolver was in case this failed?" he said. "At the risk of her own life?"

Govindaswami said: "Yes. To make sure. She does not lack courage, as you ought to know. This is the thing that was important enough to put off her trip to Moscow. But she'll set out again soon. We won't charge her with attempted murder, because Gandhi will only get her off if we do. She'll do a few weeks in jail for illegal possession of arms."

Kasel said: "When did you know the Mahatma would be on it?"

Govindaswami said: "Long enough. His movements are not secret. I believed, and have been trying to make you believe, that K. P. Roy's people had to assassinate Gandhi. And as Roy was specializing in train-wrecking, I thought he'd probably attempt it by that method. But the exact place and the particular journey Roy would choose were the problems. Both were solved by Mr. Taylor."

Colonel Savage said: "Put him in for an M.B.E., too. He deserved it."

At last we were out on the road. It was then about five o'clock in the morning. Victoria was quiet, and I noticed that Savage was, too, his face white and smooth. It must have been his wound.

Victoria said: "Are you sure you don't want any morphia before we go back, sir?" and Colonel Savage bawled: "Will you bloody well leave me alone, woman? Go and do good work elsewhere. Buy a pair of shoes for the manager of the Cholaghat cement-works railway. How many men do you want to look after, anyway?"

She said, "One," and scrambled into the jeep beside me, and I began to curse and swear under my breath, because I'd left my shoes in the Mayni Tunnel.

THE END

"Bhowani Junction," by John Masters, is published in book form by Michael Joseph, price 12s. 6d.

"That's why I usually let his father bring him"

DIAMONDS IN THE SKY

Continued from page 7

said: "Have to get that hole in the road fixed." They smiled back, a little nervously perhaps.

Sunair's instructions to its skippers called for at least one visit with the passengers every trip.

Hank liked this social part of his job. He liked talking to people. And who wouldn't like talking to the blonde in the next seat? He had caught just a glimpse of her. She was beautiful, and seemed vaguely familiar.

When she looked up as Hank came to her seat, he put out a hand to steady himself although the plane was flying straight and level. All four engines could have stopped at once and he wouldn't have noticed it. All he was aware of was the slim face, the high cheekbones, the blue eyes, mocking him.

"You see," Nina said, "You can't get rid of me, Hank, no matter how many times you drop me."

The night before, because the crew was laying over in Prestwick, Hank had gone down to London to attend a reunion of the R.A.F. squadron he had flown with in the early days of the war, before he had switched to U.S.A.A.F.

The reunion was held at an hotel, and after a while it had bored him.

He set down his glass. The best thing to do was to leave quietly. He said goodbye to a few people and left. As he stepped into the lift he was aware of another passenger in the corner, but his thoughts were still with the group he had just left. Then the girl in the corner spoke to the lift man.

"Not too fast, please. Squadron Leader Cooper might get airsick."

Hank turned and looked at the blonde girl hugging an ermine stole around her shoulders. He stared for a moment without speaking. Nina—he shook his head. Perhaps he was still at Duxford; perhaps this *was* 1942.

"Blondes away," he said softly.

NINA laughed lightly and stepped forward, slipping an arm through his. "You're impossible, Hank. You remember a very bad joke all these years, but you have nothing at all to say about me." She shrugged her shoulders. "After all, the last time you saw me I was sliding through the bomb bay of your Halifax over France to join the Underground while you made corny jokes like that one. Blondes away, indeed. I think I hate you."

Hank put his hand over hers. "Nina, I can't believe it," he said. "What are you doing just now? We must go somewhere and have a long talk."

"I can't, Hank. I'm late already, and there's a party. . . ."

"Now, look here——"

"But you're coming, too, and we can talk and talk." She touched his lips with her fingers. "It's quite all right. They will love to see you. Their name is Greene. He is an importer and they were very kind to me when my father was ill, and once I worked for him. Hank, I must go. You will come, too."

He nodded. "Okay," he said, "just so long as there isn't some guy—you know."

"There is no 'some guy.' I am still living dangerously, Hank," she said, as his arm tightened on hers.

THE Greenes' house in Park Lane was expensively furnished and filled with prosperous-looking guests. Philip Greene himself was a dapper middle-aged man with thinning grey hair moulded flat against his head. He said he was delighted Nina had brought Hank along.

"I have a tremendous admiration for people who fly," he said after the introduction. "We will have a talk later." He looked around the room. "There are some interesting people here tonight, but I don't think either of you will find them half as interesting as each other. However, when you get bored with each other, I will introduce you to some of them."

"Nice understanding guy," Hank said, after Greene had gone. "And absolutely right, too, so far as I'm concerned. Let's sit down here."

"Where shall we start?" Nina asked when they were settled with drinks.

Hank leaned forward. "Let's start with that day before I dropped you. We were in the mess at Duxford, and I had just told Ed Whitehead to go out and swing the compass once more because I wanted to be absolutely sure. But what I really wanted was to be alone with you, to tell you I thought you were the most wonderful girl I had ever met."

"And then you dropped me. Just like a man. And never did try to find me," Nina said.

"I did try to find out where you were," Hank said, "but no one knew anything. You know how it is. Then I joined the American Air Force and did another tour and was sent home as an instructor."

"Well," Nina said, taking a sip of her champagne, "there I was, at ten thousand feet——"

They both laughed. "You sound like a guy I used to know—Hank Cooper," he said, looking around. "But wait, before you start to tell me about the perils of Nina let's get something straight, because I feel sure we're going to be interrupted before very long. Where can I get in touch with you on the next trip? I'm taking a flight out to Montreal tomorrow."

Nina smiled and looked at him as though the information pleased her. "Montreal—how nice. I sometimes go

there. Now I am sure to go there." She touched his arm. "I live a very useless and pleasant life, Hank. My father left me lots of money, so all I do is travel around looking for excitement. I think it would be exciting to be in Montreal when you are there."

He smiled at her. "Wonderful." He told her the name of the hotel where he intended staying in Montreal from this trip on, and she gave him her address there.

"And now," he said, "tell me whatever became of you."

She had no sooner started the story of her drop into Occupied France than someone came over and took her away. Hank, standing alone, was aware of Greene's scrutiny.

The older man came up to him. "Would you come into the library for a moment, Captain?" he said. "There is something there I think you might be interested in."

He closed the door of the dark-panelled room behind them and they sat in deep leather chairs with a coffee table between them. They took cigarettes from a lacquered box, and after Hank had lighted them, Greene held out his hand for the lighter.

"May I see it?" he said. "They do this sort of thing so well in America."

"You wouldn't find one of those at home or anywhere else, I think," Hank said, "It was made for me by a mick—an air force mechanic, that is. He used a part of an old cylinder. I just like it because of its size. Lots of mileage."

Greene made admiring noises, and placed it carefully on the table as though it were precious and fragile. "I will come to the point in a moment, Captain, but first let me offer proof of my interest in you. You were born in Glendale, California, in February of 1923. Right? You went to Southern California to study engineering but left in 1940 to join the R.A.F., where you did thirty-two missions on Wellingtons and Halifaxes before transferring to your own air force late in 1942 to fly B-17s. You did another tour before going home. Right?"

Hank leaned forward. This information wasn't exactly classified, but why had this man gone to the trouble of getting it? And how had he known he, Hank, would ever meet him?

"How did you find out all this?" he asked in amazement.

Greene waved his hand as though to say it was nothing at all. "You are now a skipper with Sunair and you will be taking Flight 267 out of Prestwick tomorrow night bound for Montreal. The flight goes on to the West Indies the same day without you. As a member of the swing crew you are based in Montreal, staying at the Mount Royal. You also have an apartment in New York, where your first officer, Bill Feldman, married with one child, lives too. You are, of course, unmarried. Right?"

HANK sat back again. "Don't bother telling me about that parking ticket I got in Montreal a couple of weeks ago. I'll believe you know who I am. Why all the interest?"

Greene leaned forward. "Captain, you don't want to spend the rest of your life flogging aircraft, do you? Wouldn't you like to marry and settle down?" He made an expansive gesture. "Wouldn't you like to retire in a year with enough to keep you comfortably for the rest of your life?"

Hank got up. He knew now what Greene was. Some time in his career, every transatlantic pilot had to turn down a type like Greene. "You've probably got a file on every skipper on the Atlantic," he said coldly.

"That's right," said Greene. "It's part of my business to know them."

"And I don't like the sound of your business, Mr. Greene. Tell me, just for the hell of it, are you moving dope or diamonds or——"

"Diamonds," Greene said curtly. His eyes were small and hard. "And don't talk like a child, Captain. Everyone has done a little smuggling, even you." He held up a hand. "Oh, I know all you've ever taken through is a few nylons or cigarettes. You have a good reputation with the Customs

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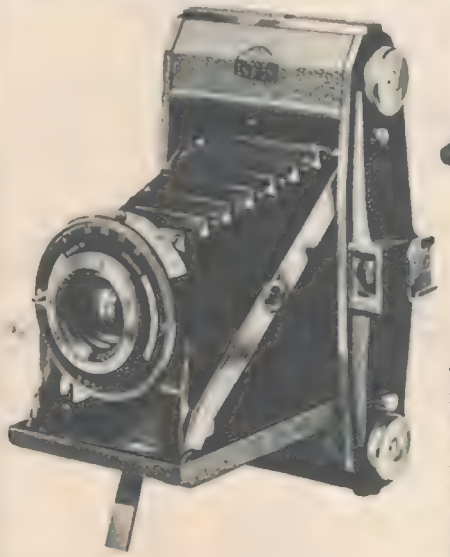

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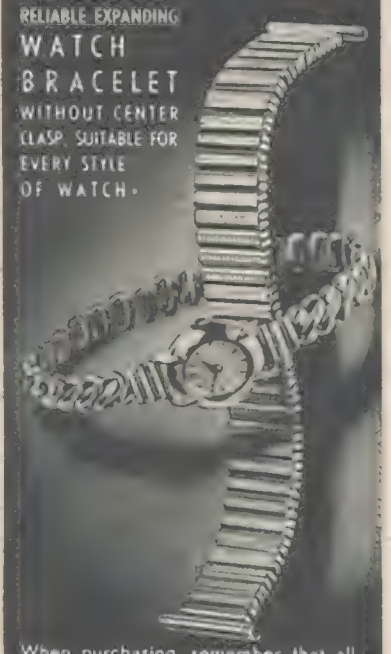

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people. But why not be practical? Work at this for a few trips and you'll be a rich man."

Hank shook his head. "You'd better take another name from the file."

"There isn't anyone else I can be sure will do it. There isn't time to get anyone else." Greene put out his cigarette angrily. "If Nina hadn't brought you here tonight I don't know what I would have done. This consignment has to be in Montreal by Thursday. It has to be."

Hank could feel the blood pulsing in the veins in his neck. He should sock this little crook. . . . What really hurt was to discover why Nina had brought him here.

"Don't be a fool, Cooper," Greene was saying.

Hank allowed his fists to relax. "Thanks for the advice," he said, "I won't be." He walked across the library and left the room. He had to find Nina and then get out of here. He found her with a group of people on the veranda, and it was only a few minutes before they were alone.

"Where have you been, Hank?" she asked. "I thought you had dropped me again."

"You know where I was," he said. "With Philip Greene, I suppose. Well, that's all right. Just so long as it wasn't some other girl."

Hank swung her roughly round by the shoulder until she was facing him.

"Hank," she said with mild reproof. She looked puzzled.

"Look, Nina," he said. "If working for Greene is your idea of living dangerously, that's fine with me. Don't get me mixed up in it, that's all."

Her head was held high and her lower lip was trembling when he finished. "Hank, you have no right to talk to me like that. I don't even know what you mean," she said.

"No?" He glowered at her. "Well, it's been wonderful meeting you. Goodbye, Nina."

While he was getting his coat, the butler came to him with his lighter. "You left this in the library, sir."

Hank snatched it from the man and thrust it into his pocket and went out.

THAT had all taken place last night in London, and now Nina was here in the plane. "Isn't it a wonderful coincidence, Hank, that I had to come to Montreal tonight?" She frowned. "Or are you still angry with me? You must tell me what it was that made you angry, Hank." She tilted her head slightly and smiled. "At dinner tomorrow night, perhaps?"

Hank swallowed hard. "Yes, it's really a wonderful coincidence," he said harshly.

"You must not be angry," she said. "I followed you, Hank, just to hear you say you are not angry. What have I done?"

This Greene really played hard, Hank thought. He couldn't get me to bring the diamonds through, so he's using Nina. And she wanted him to regard the whole deal as just one of those things.

He leaned down close to her, his hands resting on the arm of the seat so that the other passengers couldn't hear. Then he spoke. "I'm sending a message on ahead, Nina, telling Customs what is on the plane. They'll take everything and everyone apart until they find what they're looking for."

"But, Hank——" she began. He turned quickly, went back into the flight compartment and called to the radio operator.

* * *

Hank lay on his back in his pyjamas, his hands clasped behind his head, and looked at the ceiling of his hotel room. He was still too keyed up to drift off to sleep. He glanced at his watch. It was noon. The passengers were probably still being examined. By this time the police might have taken Nina to jail. He groaned and swung his legs out and sat on the edge of the bed.

Why had she got mixed up with a man like Greene? Perhaps after the exciting years in the Underground during the war, life had lacked savour. Perhaps if he had tried harder to find her after the war instead of just keeping a picture of her in his mind. . . .

HE got up to answer the knock on the door. The caller was tall, and no one Hank knew. "Come in," he said, stepping back.

Once inside, the man paused, his back to the door, and thrust out his hand. "I'm Gauthier," he said. "Congratulations, Captain."

"Look," Hank said, hitching up his pyjamas, "I've been flying all night and I want to get some sleep. What do you want?"

Gauthier looked at him. "Very clever Captain. Very clever indeed. Out there," he nodded in the direction of the window, "they are going over that plane like a bunch of garage mechanics looking for a squeak. But they won't find it, eh?" He glanced at his wrist watch. "And here we are in plenty of time."

"I don't know who you are or what you want. How about getting out of here so I can sleep," Hank said angrily. "If you're a cop trying to be cute, you're wasting your time."

Gauthier reached into the inside pocket of his jacket. "Of course, you are right to be suspicious, Captain. I'm sorry we did not have time to arrange more formal introductions, but this will do perhaps." He handed him a cablegram. Hank took it, his eyes on Gauthier.

"How very shrewd of you to alert the Customs people," Gauthier said with admiration.

Hank slowly opened the silver form. It was signed: ROBERTS.

CAPTAIN COOPER ARRIVING FLIGHT TWO-SIX-SEVEN SUNAIR TODAY. HAS YOUR CIGARETTE LIGHTER. REGARDS.

"Roberts, of course, is our friend Greene, and——" Gauthier began.

Hank grabbed up his clothes from the chair where he had flung them. Now the lighter was in his hands. He twisted the big screw on the fuel compartment and his hand was full of diamonds. Why, of course, the lighter. Greene had had plenty of time that night of the party to put the diamonds in it. Nina was just a decoy. . . . He had sent that message ahead warning the Customs when all the time—oh, this was very clever. And he was very stupid.

Gauthier got up from his chair. He was no longer smiling. "Is it possible, Captain, that you were not aware of what you were carrying?"

For a moment Hank could not speak; he stared at the gems lying in his palm. He looked up. Then he shook his head slowly. "No," he said. "No, it won't work, mister."

Gauthier held out his hand. "If

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"It's so much easier when they're this age"

you please, Captain. I have the money for you right here."

Hank shook his head again. "Look chum," he said, "I'm calling the police."

Gauthier reached quickly into his inside pocket and when his hand came out it was holding an automatic. "I'm not quite sure what you are up to, Captain, but surely you can't misunderstand me. Give me those diamonds."

Hank looked at the gun pointing at his chest. How Greene must be laughing at him; how Nina must be smiling. He had really been a spectacular sucker. His hand tightened on the diamonds. He didn't like being a sucker.

"Watch out!" he yelled at Gauthier, and as the dark man stepped back he lunged. The gun went off harmlessly into the floor and then Hank heard his fist thump very satisfactorily on Gauthier's dark blue jaw. Gauthier went down and stayed down.

A hotel detective was the first to arrive, and then the police. They took the diamonds and Gauthier and a bookful of notes away with them.

"Is there anything else?" the young detective who had stayed to get the details asked. "Is there anyone else you can think of?"

"No," Hank said thickly. "No one."

The young man put his book away. "You'd better get some sleep. You're beat," he said, and left.

Hank nodded. He *was* beat, but first he had one more thing to do. He was clear with his conscience; he was clear with the company. He just had to see Nina and settle one more matter.

He took off his pyjamas and had a cold shower. He shaved and dressed slowly. He patted the pocket of his jacket. Her hotel address was right where he had put it the other night in London. This would not take long.

WHEN he opened the door to leave, a bellboy was standing there, about to knock. He gave the kid a tip, took the envelope and ripped it open.

"Dear Cooper," the letter began. "This will cross the Atlantic in your aircraft, a coincidence that intrigues me in a curious way. By now, of course, you will have completed the negotiations with our friend Gauthier. I trust you have overcome your boyish scruples and have accepted an arrangement which cannot but appeal to you as an admirable and profitable one. If not, I'm sure Gauthier will persuade you—not too roughly, I hope.

"Now that our business is completed I must indulge my sentimentality. Take that girl Nina to dinner and tell her you are sorry for the way you spoke to her at my house tonight. Your aggressive honesty amused me, but she was hurt, I'm afraid. And quite unjustly, too, because believe me, she knows nothing about our dealings, nor indeed does she know about my extramural activities. "So be kind to her, my boy. Sincerely, P. G."

Hank sat down on the edge of the bed. He looked at his watch. The men from Scotland Yard would be calling on Greene just about now. He rubbed his palm across his cheek and down over his chin. What had he done? What had he done to Nina?

He reached for the telephone and then withdrew his hand. No, that wasn't good enough; he must go and see her.

He hadn't walked far when he stopped and took the card from his pocket and checked her address, just as though he had forgotten it. He hadn't, of course, but. . . .

He held the card motionless; he had forgotten something else. The card slipped from his fingers and drifted in a tiny flat spin to the pavement.

A HURRYING messenger boy jostled him accidentally. Hank excused himself automatically, but still he did not move. He was back in the quiet elegance of Greene's long living-room. He was telling Nina where she could get in touch with him in Montreal. He was telling her the name of his hotel, the hotel he had never stayed in before this trip. . . .

He snapped his fingers. Greene—for all his sources—had him staying at the Mount Royal, where he had always stayed before. He had told no one but Nina about this new address, and she must have told Greene where he was staying. He turned and began to walk back to his hotel. Gauthier might have found out at the last minute where he was staying, but the letter from Greene had crossed the ocean on his own plane.

Perhaps Nina was just a friend of the family, as Greene had said; perhaps Greene had wheedled the hotel address out of her without her knowledge of its significance. Hank's pace slackened. Perhaps he was misjudging Nina.

He got out his cigarettes and put one between his lips. He raised his lighter to it. Then he stood and looked at the lighter as though he were seeing it for the first time. He thrust it in his pocket and began to walk again toward his hotel.

Perhaps there was a perfectly simple and good explanation for her part, if any, in the whole affair, but he wasn't going to ask what it was. He didn't mind being a sap once in a while, but twice—almost three times—in two days was too often. "Not for me," he said aloud.

High up in the crisp autumn sunshine he could hear the drone of an aircraft coming into Dorval for a landing. Hank stopped and looked up, shading his eyes as though he might catch a glimpse of the lonely, lucky guy up there flying the thing. THE END

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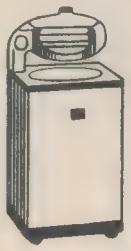

Some people think a washing machine is a luxury; something extravagant. They are wrong. Nowadays it is essential — you'd never believe the money an electric washing machine can save unless you've actually talked to somebody who's got one.

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ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Two good things about this. Less risk to health — food stays fresh and wholesome longer; also, shopping is easier — buy when it's convenient, and when food is cheaper. This is a standard model; other versions are smaller with table tops.

REACH FOR THE SKY

Continued from page 18

grimly, that his legs barred him from most schemes. He was game enough to try but not agile enough to succeed in hare-brained ideas such as scaling ladders over the wires or stowing away, contorted, under a food wagon.

One outlet still remained: tormenting the German guards. "Goon-baiting," the prisoners called it. He found relief in the sport. His chief butt was Hauptmann Harger, a large, red-faced, red-necked man known as "Horrible Harger," with whom he had violent brushes, which culminated in a day when Bader refused to stand out in the snow for half an hour on *Appell* —roll call by count.

At Pistol Point

Harger found him in his room and angrily ordered him out, and in a brief shouting match Bader flatly refused to budge, saying: "My feet would get cold in the snow. If you want to count me, come to my room and do it."

Harger shouted: "You . . . vill . . . go . . . on . . . *Appell,*" drew his pistol and levelled it.

Bader's instinct warned him that he had gone too far, and he suddenly turned on the glowing goodwill and beamed. "Well, of *course* I'll go on *Appell* if you really want me to." He picked up a stool and stumped off to plant it on the snow and sit among his squad, leaving Harger seething.

Bader had found a new game, and on more than one occasion after that he goaded his captors into drawing their pistols and then disarmed them by pricking the strained bladder of their ire with maddening charm and last-minute surrender. It was a crafty technique that left a taste of moral defeat in the man who had lost his temper.

Around Christmas time Lubbock and Gardner came to him, and said: "Look, we've got an idea for escape. Would you like to come with us?"

"What, in winter?"

"Yes. Why not?"

Bader said: "I'm in."

A Born Lock-breaker

Lubbock explained the plot. Just outside the barbed-wire gate was a clothing store hut where occasionally prisoners were taken under guard to draw kit. Gardner, a born lock-breaker, had discovered how to open a spare room in the hut, and the idea was for the three of them, together with a Commando captain, Keith Smith, to go on a clothing parade, lock themselves in the empty room till darkness, then climb out of the window, walk up a lighted road past some German huts (hoping no one came out) and then melt into the shadows beyond.

Just down the road was Doessel railway station, where they could catch a train down into Occupied France and get in touch with the Underground movement. It sounded easy, worked out like that. The escape committee had promised them some smuggled German money—several hundred marks —maps, a compass and forged passes, and Lubbock (son-in-law of the nutrition expert Lord Boyd-Orr) would make an escape cake from hoarded food that would keep them going for days.

Everyone said they were mad to try in winter, but on January 9, when thin snow carpeted the frosty ground, they marched through the gate with a clothing parade to the hut. Someone started a loud-voiced diversion and under its cover Gardner picked the lock and the four crowded into the room.

Darkness fell early and the wait was long and cold. About eight o'clock they heard a tremendous clatter of tins by the wire, caused by an unruly young flight lieutenant, Peter Tunstall, giving the signal and creating another diversion. All the searchlights obligingly turned towards the noise and Gardner quietly opened the spare room window. Smith, a baldish six-footer, slipped out first and walked up the lighted path, followed by Lubbock and Bader and then Gardner.

Smith reached the shadows but the others were about fifteen yards short when a German soldier ran out of one of the huts right in front of them. He looked with shocked surprise at the three men walking in British greatcoats and started bellowing for help. Germans came pouring out of their huts and the three were seized by a jabbering crowd. Smith had vanished.

In the guardroom the Hauptmann security officer, a Nazi Party member, demanded to know how they had escaped, and Bader said flippantly that they had walked through the wire. "Did you?" replied the Hauptmann, unamused. "Well, now you can try walking through the bars because you are going into the cells."

He went away to make arrangements and came back slightly flushed. Apparently the cells were already full and there was a waiting list. They would have to await their turn.

Smith was back in five days, having nearly frozen to death in a cattle truck. He, too, had to wait for the cells. It was about a month before the three were taken across to the wooden cooler for their ten days' solitary.

About the seventh night in the cells, after the guard had locked up and gone, Bader was lying on his bunk reading when the door opened. He looked up and was startled to see Gardner. "Hallo," Gardner grinned, holding up a piece of wire, "I've found out how to open these damn doors."

Two Flimsy Doors

Delighted, Bader got up and joined him in the corridor, and they unlocked Lubbock's cell. The three of them cautiously explored the place, but no Germans were about and only a couple of flimsy doors lay between them and freedom. Bader suggested they make a break for it then and there, but wiser voices prevailed. Snow still lay on the ground, and they had no food, maps, compass or money.

"I know," said Bader, "let's finish our time here and wait for the good weather. Then we can all kick that rat Harger in the tail and get sent back. We can smuggle some food and maps in and then make the break."

Brilliant, they all thought. The "Goons" would never expect an escape from the cooler and Harger's blood pressure would doubtless spray out of his ears. Cheerfully they went back to their cells. Three days later they were released and immediately registered the scheme with the escape committee. The date was set for May.

They were getting ready for it when a dismaying rumour buzzed round the compound that some air force officers were being moved to a new camp, Stalag Luft III, at Sagan, between Berlin and Breslau. That evening the Germans confirmed it, and before anything could be done they were shepherding an enraged Bader and fifty others on to the train. This time they moved them in carriages, under observation, and no one escaped.

Reunion In Prison

Stalag Luft III was then a cage of six huts for officers and another one next door for n.c.o.s, all on barren grey Silesian sand, hedged from the world by spindly pine trees. The prospect did not charm. As they walked in, a lean, rangy figure walked up to Douglas with outstretched hand.

"Hallo, Douglas," said Harry Day, more hawk-faced than ever, "I thought you'd catch up some day."

Seeing Day again helped to soothe him a little. The Warburg contingent took over one of the huts and Day and Jimmy Buckley, the compound "Big X," or escape committee leader, came over to talk escape.

Almost before people in the hut had unpacked, they had started tunnelling under a stove in the room opposite Bader. Other ambitious tunnels were already under way in the compound, but it was slow work because six inches under the grey topsoil lay bright yellow sand which came up in bucket-loads and was a devil to hide from German eyes. Also, Stabsfeldwebel Glemnitz, the leathery-faced chief German ferret (security guard), was a shrewd man who had microphones buried round the wire so that tunnels had to be about thirty feet deep.

There was nothing Bader could do in

Explorers blaze trails for it
Tars will face gales for it
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the tunnels; he could only "stooge" outside as a sentry, feeling rather futile. Then Glemnitz found two of the tunnels, including the one in Bader's hut.

Inevitably it inflamed Bader's Goon-baiting, and his scores of admirers, notably the Warburg contingent, followed his example. When German squads strode past singing their marching songs, he organized bands to whistle opposition tunes and put them out of step. When Germans found a tunnel and started filling it in, he had prisoners gathered round singing "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to work we go." When the Germans ordered all shutters to be closed at dusk, he wanted the camp to tear them off and throw them into the middle of the compound.

He had a violent argument about this with Harry Day, who was in an awkward position. Day himself had a streak of the fiery rebel and would have loved to have torn the shutters off, but he also had the job of keeping the Germans reasonably placated so the prisoners could retain privileges to help escape work. He put a firm foot down about the shutters, but there were arguments on both sides (mostly favouring Day).

Life Was An Uproar

Camp opinion divided; there were the turbulent rebels devoted to Bader, who believed in riling the Germans at every chance, some who wanted only peace and some, the wise, cool heads, who wanted a judicial amount of Goon-baiting mixed with enough tact and co-operation to ensure peace for escape work. Bader dogmatically stuck to his view that maximum non-co-operation and baiting were the best ways of exasperating the enemy. Life in the camp was a series of uproars. Something had to happen.

Hauptmann Pieber, the mild Lager-offizier, came in one day with Glemnitz and found him by the wire. "Herr Wing Commander, you are leaving the camp," he said. "You must be ready to go in the morning."

"Oh, am I? Where am I going?" Bader demanded.

Pieber was vague. "We are taking you to a place where you will be more comfortable—it is not comfortable here"—tartly—"for anyone."

Bader grunted. "Well, I'd rather live in a pigsty with my friends than in a palace alone. I'm not going."

"The Kommandant says you must go."

"You take me to the Kommandant."

"He will see you on the way out tomorrow."

"No, he won't. Not unless he drags me out. I'm staying here."

Glemnitz angrily snapped an order and a guard cocked his rifle and aimed at Bader's chest. Abruptly the atmosphere was electric as the order to fire trembled on the German's lips, and Bader knew he had gone too far. This time he would not give way but glared, defiant and stubborn, feeling bitterly that he didn't give a damn if they fired.

The seconds dragged and then Pieber snapped the tension, telling the guard to lower his rifle. He added: "We will see about this." And stalked out.

Open To Ridicule

That evening the camp buzzed with crisis. There seemed no easy way out. Bader said he was not going and if necessary would jump into the compound firepool, throw his legs out and defy the Germans to get him.

Somehow the Germans heard and knew they would look ridiculous floundering in a pool after a legless man. What could they do? Oberst von Lindeiner, the Kommandant, an erect, elderly soldier of the old school, very fair and correct, was too humane to shoot him in cold blood. In any case, that would lose the Germans far more than dignity throughout the world.

They were nonplussed by a man who should have been in a wheelchair, but even as a disarmed prisoner was an unmanageable and implacable enemy. They even feared that a man of his type might lead a mass rush on the guards.

In the morning you could feel the tension. Hours passed. Nothing happened. Then, towards evening, a company of guards in battle-order marched out of the Kommandantur towards the barbed wire, fifty-seven of them in helmets and webbing, with rifles and fixed bayonets. Striding with them was von Lindeiner, accompanied by nearly all his officers. Prisoners came running up to mass behind the wire. The Germans crashed to a halt outside. Bader stayed in his room. The Senior British Officer, Group Captain Massey, went to the gate and talked to the Kommandant while an ominous hush hung over the place.

"Someone May Be Shot"

Massey went back to Bader. "There's one thing we might consider," he said. "It only needs a spark to start an incident and someone may be shot."

After that there was only one thing to do. The watchers by the wire saw the legless man come out of his room and stump down the dusty path between the huts. In silence he went up to the gate, passed through and looked around like a man about to call a taxi, then strolled slowly along the ranks of the German squad. "My God," someone said behind the wire, "he's *inspecting* the bastards."

Bader grinned at the squad and passed on. Von Lindeiner made an impatient gesture and followed with his officers. The tension burst like a bubble, and suddenly there was something ludicrous about the squad of nearly sixty armed soldiers who had come to quell a lone and legless man. A Feldwebel shouted an order. Fifty-six helmeted soldiers turned left and one fool in the front rank turned right. German faces crimsoned, a howl of laughter burst behind the wire and the squad tramped away, tasting the ashes of ridicule. . . .

Bader's next camp was an enormous area of barbed-wire cages. It was Stalag VIIIB, at Lamsdorf, where more than 20,000 soldiers were imprisoned. Bader was put in a room in sick quarters, a hut in a separate cage near the main gate, with another new arrival, John Palmer, a rear-gunner flight lieutenant who needed special treatment for a damaged foot. Palmer was almost a caricature of an English officer, with a cavalry moustache, very blue eyes and a clipped accent.

A Vision Of Freedom

Through a window a day or so later they watched a party of soldier prisoners march down the road from the big compound and out of the main gate. Bader turned to Duncan, one of the British doctors, and asked where they were going.

"Oh, only a working party," Duncan said. "Off to some town a few miles away."

"Mightn't be too hard to escape from a working party?"

"It's a piece of cake," said Duncan.

"Could *we* get on to one of those parties?"

"Not legally," Duncan said. "But I know of someone who might help." That afternoon he presented three sergeants of the Lamsdorf "X Committee," and they started talking escape. First, Bader wanted to know, could he and Palmer get out on a working party?

The leader, eyeing him, said: "You'll excuse my saying so, sir, but you might look a bit obvious going out. Still, I think we could fix something."

A blinding thought struck Bader like a revelation. Leaning forward, eyes alight, he asked: "Sergeant, do these working parties ever go out to aerodromes?"

In his mind was a vision of the map, with Sweden only 350 miles away. Stealing an aeroplane was the God-sent answer. Let the Germans take him to one. And then. . . . No days of stumbling among the enemy, hopelessly conspicuous. No weary miles to walk. No food or language problems. Just sneak in and take off and—oh, the sweet triumph of landing on friendly ground with a piece of expensive loot and asking the Ambassador for a ticket home!

"Sometimes, sir," said the sergeant

"You'd have enjoyed the sermon. It was all about your kind!"

with a grin. "I see what you mean. Just leave it to us, sir."

Three long and boring weeks passed. From the window Bader and Palmer saw many working parties straggle out of the big cage with their guards. But before the main gate opened they were all stripped and searched in a hut next to the hospital. That was the catch. With his legs he would never pass a search stripped. Moodily he used to watch other prisoners sweeping the road up to the main gates, and an idea began to dawn. He told the sergeant "Big X," who grinned approvingly.

The sergeant arrived one night with two tough-looking sergeant pilots—an Australian, Keith Chisholm, and an Englishman named Hickman.

"Now, look, sir," the sergeant said, "there's a light working party going out to an aerodrome near Gleiwitz, up on the German-Polish border. Just the sort of thing you want, simple stuff like cutting grass. If you and Mr. Palmer would like to join. . . ." Bader and Palmer said that they would.

The sergeant indicated the two sergeant-pilots. "These two chaps are going and a Palestinian who speaks fluent Polish. They're all going to escape into Poland and they've all got false identities. We'll fix you up with the same."

Two days later he smuggled brooms and army battledress to them, and that night Palmer shaved his moustache off.

The morning was warm and sunny, and they lounged on the front step of the hut, trying to look casual but brimming inside with excitement. The working party marched out of the big cage and the escort nudged them into the next door hut to be searched. Bader and Palmer grabbed their brooms, sauntered into the road and started sweeping.

Exit "Private Fenton"

One by one the working party emerged from the hut and gathered in a loose knot by the verge. Bader and Palmer swept their way into them. The last man out of the hut dropped his kit, which scattered over the ground. He started swearing loudly. The guards looked and laughed.

Bader and Palmer handed their brooms to two of the working party who swept nonchalantly on through the others, back towards the big cage. The swearer gathered up the last of his kit, the guards yelled *"Komm! Komm!"* and the party marched up to the main gate.

The escort showed passes, a German n.c.o. counted heads, swung open the gates and they walked through, breaking down the pace to a casual amble and clustering round the limping Private Fenton, alias Wing Commander Bader.

It was a blazing hot August afternoon when they arrived by train at the grimy industrial town of Gleiwitz and started the two-mile uphill walk to the airfield. Within two minutes of walking Bader was sweating freely, and that started his leg chafing. A lanky New Zealand private called Lofty got alongside and helped him along, the others clustering round to hide them from the guards.

The leg was hurting him dreadfully and Lofty, pouring with sweat himself, was almost lifting and carrying him. Even so Bader was nearly finished when they came to two huts in a tiny barbed-wire cage. Other prisoners came out to greet them as he staggered through the gate, and sagging with fatigue he asked one of them: "Where's the aerodrome?"

The soldier nodded his head across a rise in the ground. "'Bout a mile over there, mate."

"What sort of aeroplanes?"

"Gawd knows," shrugged the soldier. "They never let us anywhere near the airfield."

The Sanitary Man

In disappointment, pain and exhaustion he found a room with Palmer, Chisholm and the other two. An hour later, reviving fast, he said to Palmer: "We'll go with the other three when they nip off into Poland. If we can find some partisans we might get a wireless message back to England and maybe they'll send an aircraft over one night to pick us up."

A British sergeant had been in the cage some time as camp leader and he came into Bader's room. "We won't let the others know who you are, sir," he said. "It's safer that way. But it won't be so easy to hide it from the Germans. It's hard manual labour here, moving bricks, digging, filling trucks and things like that."

Bader knew his limitations. The work would be physically impossible.

"I know," said the sergeant, with joyful inspiration; "You can be lavatory man."

Bader stared at him.

"One chap's allowed to stay behind to clean the latrines and huts," the sergeant explained. "You can be him. We'll say you've been shot in the knee and can't walk properly."

Bader started laughing. How the mighty were fallen! "All right," he said.

Chisholm had been walking round spying out the land and came back to report. The wire was only a single fence instead of a double and just outside it at the back of the cage was a field of high corn. There was a washhouse window only a few feet from the wire and it would be easy at night to crawl out of the window and snake through the wire into the corn—except that two guards kept patrolling the cage.

During breakfast next morning the

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Our new neighbour, seemed really delightful, but when she told me that there was some killing to do in her house, I wondered whatever she meant.

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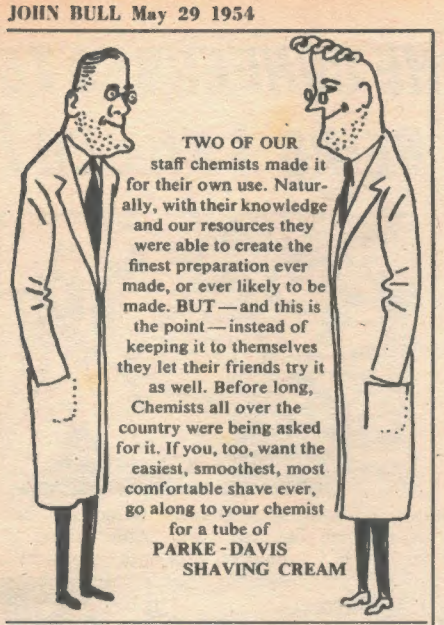

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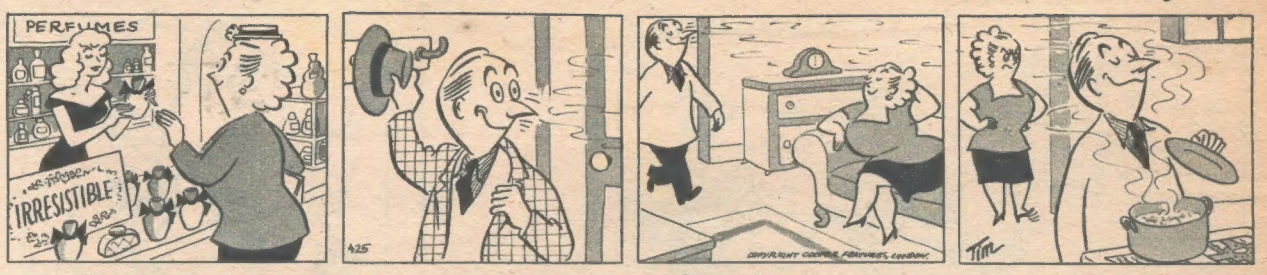

Palestinian went out and started talking to one of the guards through the wire. He came back very excited. "He is a Pole, that guard," he said. "Several of the guard company are Poles, forced into uniform by the Germans. He says they will help us. A Polish guard at night will keep the German guard talking on the other side of the compound while we get out."

Bader said: "Tonight!"

"No. Not tonight. Two Poles are on guard and it would look suspicious. He is frightened that the Germans would shoot them."

"Tomorrow?"

"No. There are two Germans on. But the night after will be a German and a Pole."

This was Monday. They set the date for Wednesday.

Bucket And Mop

Germans arrived shouting: "*Raus! Raus!*" to muster the day's working party and, as Bader watched them march out, a grinning cockney corporal thrust a bucket and mop into his hands. "'Ere y'are, Mum," he said. "Get cracking."

Bader quite enjoyed himself sloshing out the latrines, not caring if he got his feet wet. It did not seem so odd in this camp for the noted wing commander to be washing lavatories—most of the prisoners had been captured at Dunkirk and had never even heard of him. The only thing that bothered him was whether the Germans would follow the trail from Lamsdorf before Wednesday night.

The Wednesday morning dawned, warm and sunny, perfect weather for escaping, but the day dragged interminably. At last, at about five thirty, the working party came back, and the five escapers rested in their room with the familiar zero-hour feeling fluttering in their stomachs. At six o'clock boots trampled in the wooden corridor and a German voice shouted: "Efferybody on parade! Efferybody on parade!"

Cursing, wondering what it was all about, the prisoners got to their feet and shambled out. Raggedly they assembled on the trodden ground by the gate, where a Feldwebel stood watching. As they settled down he shouted: "Everybody will take their trousers down."

Chorus Of Catcalls

The men who did not know burst into incredulous chorus, whistles, catcalls, rude remarks and giggles, but the order seemed to hit Bader in the pit of the stomach. He looked across at the sergeant camp leader who muttered: "Hold tight, sir. I'll order the men to refuse."

"And get yourself shot," Bader said wryly. "Thanks, sergeant, but it's no use. They still wouldn't take five minutes to pick me out."

He swung round, but yards of open space separated him from the possible shelter of the hut. No escape at all. Heaving himself forward, he stumped up to the Feldwebel and said: "I think I'm the chap you're looking for."

The Feldwebel stared as though he could not believe it, and at that moment a Hauptmann from Lamsdorf and six guards tramped through the gate. The Hauptmann saw Bader, recognized him and his eyes lit up. "Ah, Ving Commander, I am *delighted* to see you. Gootness, you *haf* caused troubles."

He was very friendly, even when he suddenly added: "Now perhaps Mr. Palmer vould come forvard as vell."

"Good Lord," said Bader. "Has Johnny Palmer escaped too?"

"No more troubles, please, Ving Commander," the Hauptmann said tolerantly. "Otherwise we take you all back to Lamsdorf to check up."

It struck him instantly that that would wreck the escape plans of the other three. There was no way out. He turned and called: "Come on, Johnny. It's all over." Palmer shuffled disconsolately out of the ranks, the guards closed round and the two were led away.

Back at Lamsdorf they were taken to the guardroom, and the Kommandant came in. Or rather, the Kommandant swept in like a tornado, in a towering anger, a tall, cropped, fine-looking man of about sixty, with cold, deep eyes and a tight-lipped mouth. He stood in front of them shouting, the tirade pouring out till little flecks of foam flew off his lips.

Palmer still had a cigarette in his mouth and, as the Kommandant shouted, he drew on it, puffed smoke just past the German's cheek, turned rudely to Bader, and said in an extremely English accent: "D'you know, I haven't the faintest idea what this fellow's saying."

Bader started to giggle and the Kommandant crimsoned. His voice rose in explosive fury. At last he stopped to draw breath, and the interpreter spoke a stern summary which ended: ". . . The Kommandant says you have both disgraced the honour of an officer by dressing yourself up as common soldiers and that you have caused a great deal of trouble."

Bader said: "Well, will you tell the Kommandant that it's my job to cause him trouble?"

Nearly Had A Fit

The interpreter was tactless enough to do so and they thought the Kommandant was going to have an apoplectic fit. At last he threw his arms in the air and shouted "*Arrestzellen! Arrestzellen!*" then spun round and strode off.

Soon they were in familiar surroundings. An officer pulled open a cell door and Bader peered distastefully in at the gloomy interior. With a sudden idea he said: "Just a minute. I'm not going in there. These are common soldiers' cells. It is most incorrect putting an officer in them."

The German security officer said politely: "Ve do not usually haf officer prisoners at Lamsdorf und therefore ve do not haf officers' cells."

"I can't help that," Bader said. "If I'm to have a cell I demand an officer's cell. I understand my honour has already been sufficiently disgraced."

"Look, Ving Commander," the German said wearily, "ve haf had a lot of troubles vith you and vith the Kommandant. He vas going to take your legs, but I haf talked to him und he has cooled down. If there are more troubles he vill take your legs."

"I can't help that either. Anyway, I demand a spring bed, not that damned plank."

"Please go in, Ving Commander, und ve vill deal vith it tomorrow."

"No, I won't. I want a spring bed, I want a table, I want proper food and a proper chair. And while we're on the subject I want a sentence. You haven't sentenced me yet and that is most incorrect."

The German, by some miracle keeping his temper, raised his eyes to the ceiling, muttering: "*Mein Gott!*" He said with resignation: "Vait here, Ving Commander. I go and get, not, I think, for your sake, the Kommandant, but the second in command."

Soon a dapper German major came in and said fluently and heartily: "I'm sorry about this, Wing Commander, but I'll tell you what we'll do. You can have a spring bed, a chair and a table, proper food and a book to read and I'll send you a batman. And tomorrow morning we will also sentence you. How's that?"

"Good," Bader said. "I'll wait outside the cell till you get them."

Soon they brought spring mattress, table and chair, and he went in, and the cell door locked. That night, thinking it over, Bader felt some of his hate slipping. He had to admit that some of the Germans were incredibly decent and reasonable, and had a passable sense of humour.

Next morning they were sentenced to ten days' solitary.

The days in the cell seemed interminable. The only bright factor was the cheerful young batman, a Scot named Ross, who was loyal, willing and unselfish, bringing tea and gossip and spreading a respectful but companionable cheerfulness.

A Punishment Camp

On the ninth day the cell door opened and the Kommandant appeared. "I have some good news for you, Wing Commander," he said. "Tomorrow you go to an officer's camp."

"Whereabouts, Herr Oberst?"

"The Offizierlager IVC at Colditz."

Bader knew that one. "Oh, you mean the *Straflager?* [Punishment camp.]"

The Kommandant looked shocked. "*Nein, nein, Herr Oberstleutnant. Der Sonderlager* [special camp.]"

Bader started to laugh and then the Kommandant started laughing. Both knew well enough that Colditz Castle, last stop for the naughty boys, was supposed to be escape-proof. The Kommandant went out and Bader stopped laughing.

When Bader announced that he was bound for Colditz, Ross said equably that it would be a nice change for them. Bader said: "No, Ross. Thank you very much, but it's the punishment camp, you know." But Ross argued and argued until Bader sent a note to the Kommandant, who said Ross could go.

The journey was long and dreary. By the time they got to Colditz it was dark and the station was blacked out. Then, struggling out of the gloom into the road with his German escort, Bader looked up and got his first glimpse of the future.

Like A Fairy Castle

The fortress towered over the village, seeming to float in floodlight, enchantingly beautiful like a fairy castle. They moved off along a cobbled road which soon rose so steeply that Ross had to pull him along. He was exhausted when they came to the foot of the great wall that reared above, harsh and scarred in the glare of the floodlamps, giving no inch of cover to any would-be escaper.

They trod across a drawbridge over a deep moat into the cavern of a stone archway. Heavy doors closed behind with a clanking of iron bars. Fortress guards, boots ringing on the stone, led into a small courtyard hemmed inside towering walls deep in the bowels of the castle, through a door, up stone steps.

A German flung a door open and Bader looked into a small stone cell. He thought: Oh, God. Is this how we live? Is this the punishment camp?

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated June 26 and in JOHN BULL dated July 3), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 19, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,939 result.)

POST ENTRY

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